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258

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A Letter from Lucerne

WRITTEN BY B. M. CROKER. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



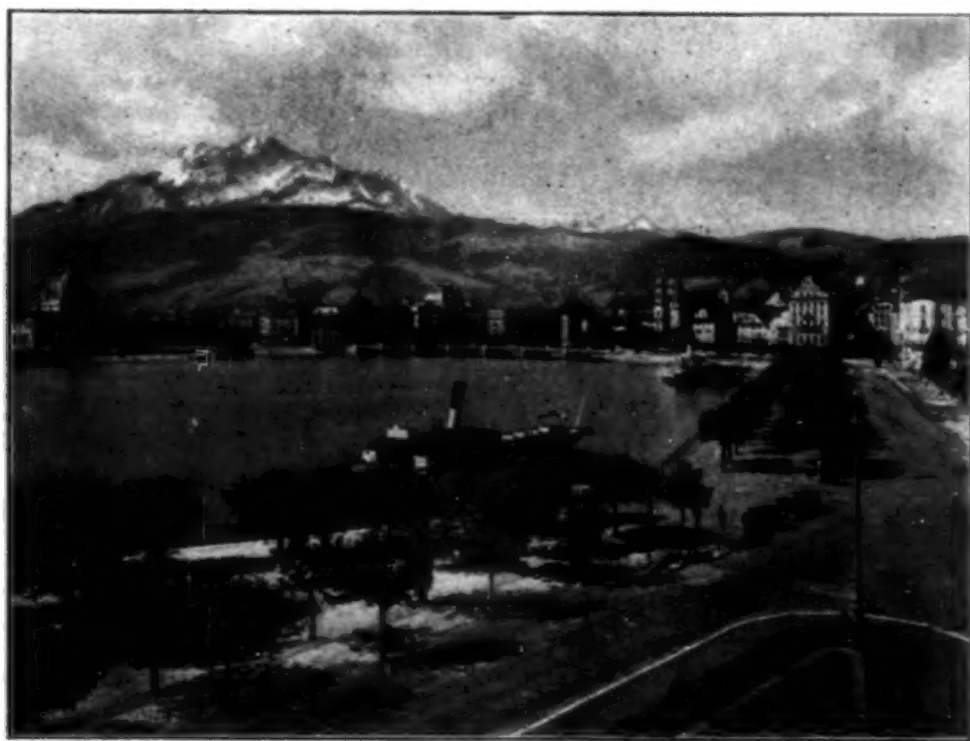
HAVE heard that Lucerne has been called "the Clapham Junction of Switzerland," and granting the term to be suitable in one respect, it is a ridiculous misfit in another: for, although it is the point, to which all converge, who travel the country from north to south, and from east to west, and is approached by no less than three main lines of rail, not to mention hourly steamboats—in which latter accommodation its namesake is deficient—yet, what sane person desires to remain at Clapham Junction? and who does not linger at Lucerne?

This "metropolis of the travelling

world" is at present crowded. In the middle of June the season promised badly; now it is unsurpassed, and the oldest inhabitant may vainly rack his brain, ere he can recall any approach to the hordes of visitors who have poured into the town during the last week. Every hotel and *pension* is crammed to the very roof; here we have twenty people sleeping out. A couch in one of the bath-rooms is esteemed a high favour—is the object of lively competition and subsequent envy; and I am daily expecting to find that the drawing-room has undergone a kind of horticultural transformation, and been, so to speak, laid out in beds! The weather, on which so much depends, has been glorious, with the result that those who

intended to pay but a flying visit have remained on, irresistibly tempted to postpone their departure day after day, until days grow into weeks. There is so much to be seen, and everything is well worth seeing!—from the giddy summit of Pilatus, down to the unhappy Lion who lies stretched upon his rocky deathbed. The ascent to Pilatus is a most popular excursion—the train service is in such request, that extra carriages have been required. Many people adventure on foot; one light-hearted young man, in a pair of patent-leather pumps. But the next day he was

and fell over an awful precipice, to the horror of the onlookers; and the other, to a man who strayed in the dusk from the beaten track, and was no more seen alive. The road is plain, and not specially difficult, or precipitous, but should you leave the path, and stumble, or, worse still, fall, you roll over and over and over; there is not a bush or a rock to arrest your descent, until you come to the trees near the base, when the chances are a hundred to one that you will be dead! The view from the little railed platform on the topmost peak of Pilatus is magnificent—the whole



VIEW OF PILATUS

truly sorry, not only for the shoes, but for himself! A girl from this hotel walked up Pilatus and back, between early breakfast and afternoon tea, and professed herself enchanted with the view, and not in the least tired; therefore I had come to look upon the climb as an easy, not to say ladylike, accomplishment. But I hear that I am mistaken, and that Pilatus has had its accidents, as well as Mont Blanc; there have already been two this year. One to a girl of twenty, who, in reaching too far to gather a flower, lost her balance

of Switzerland appears to lie at one's feet; and to have witnessed the dawn, from this self-same spot, is a long remembered event to every beholder.

The celebrated Lion finds an endless succession of admirers—and small wonder! surely no more patriotic or impressive monument exists.

We all know (or are supposed to know) that this splendid work of Thorwaldsen is dedicated to the two battalions of Swiss Guards who fell to a man, in the defence of the Tuilleries in 1792.

Some people, however, are as yet in absolute ignorance of its *raison d'être*; and an individual, who was seated next to me on one of the benches, said:

"Do you know what it's all about?"

"Yes," I answered; "it is the monument which has been erected to the memory of the Swiss Guards who were massacred at the Tuilleries in '92."

"In '92?" he repeated incredulously. "Dear! dear! dear! so lately as that! And I don't remember to have heard a word about it—and I take in a daily paper."

Before I could explain, he had jumped to his feet, and gone over to the shop, in order to make some purchase. I subsequently saw him hurrying away with a little wooden lion in his hand—no doubt to catch a train.

The swans in the pond below the rock, have a promising family of five young cygnets, and I could not help



MILK CART AND DOGS

asking myself how they were all accommodated under the paternal roof of the tiny swan-house? Perhaps, like some of my fellow-guests, they sleep out! The shops in the Alpenstrasse are almost tempting—such dainty watches, and jewellery, and ornaments, made of crystals found in the mountains, and fine gossamer embroidery, that looks as if it came from a fairy loom, instead of being the handiwork, of some solid Swiss maiden.

Here the dear dogs work hard, but cheerfully, for their living; struggling up the hills in their milk carts, and throwing themselves heartily into their collars, guarding their charge whilst the boy is absent, and galloping down, with waving tails, when their load has been delivered to the very last pint. There is one couple that I particularly admire, a pair of chestnuts, beautifully matched and remarkably powerful; if I am not much mistaken I saw them running



HOF KIRCHE

away with their boy the other afternoon. In a city where the dogs wear harness, the horses (who are surprisingly fat and well to do) sport large, white, fringed antimacassars, to keep off the flies. There are many delightful drives in the neighbourhood, and one might live here for months, ere exhausting all the excursions. The Hof-Kirche boasts one of the finest organs in Europe, and an evening concert or recital, affords to all the opportunity of hearing it. From six until seven the cathedral is crowded (seats one franc) by visitors who find the splendid rendering of Handel, Beethoven and Mendelssohn, on this magnificent instrument, one of the greatest pleasures to be enjoyed in

verandah of the Schweizerhof is brilliant with gay frocks, and hats of every colour in the rainbow—but especially red and pink. Besides Don Carlos, the Duke of Solferino, and other notable persons, the Schweizerhof is said to harbour quite a number of American beauties. At our own hotel, the current of visitors continually ebbs and flows; the tide has, figuratively, washed up beside me, first a Dutch bridegroom, then a Russian officer in the Imperial Guard, who found the Alps superior to the Caucasus, and announced that the great railway to Corea is rapidly advancing towards Port Arthur, and that it will carry with it, by the Czar's desire, a "Church" compartment, where the devout at far



LAKE STEAMER

Lucerne—that rare stop, the "*vox humana*," being introduced in some fine voluntaries composed by a distinguished organist, and with such startling and thrilling effect, that it seems impossible to believe, that one is not listening to a woman singing! Every evening there is a performance at the Kursaal—musical, dramatic, or both (the orchestra and ballet being from La Scala, at Milan)—and here, on wet days, one can always cheat the weather by reading the voluminous supply of papers, listening to the band, or tempting fortune at "*Les petits chevaux*." A large and varied crowd promenade daily under the line trees, and the

distant villages may come and receive the offices of religion.

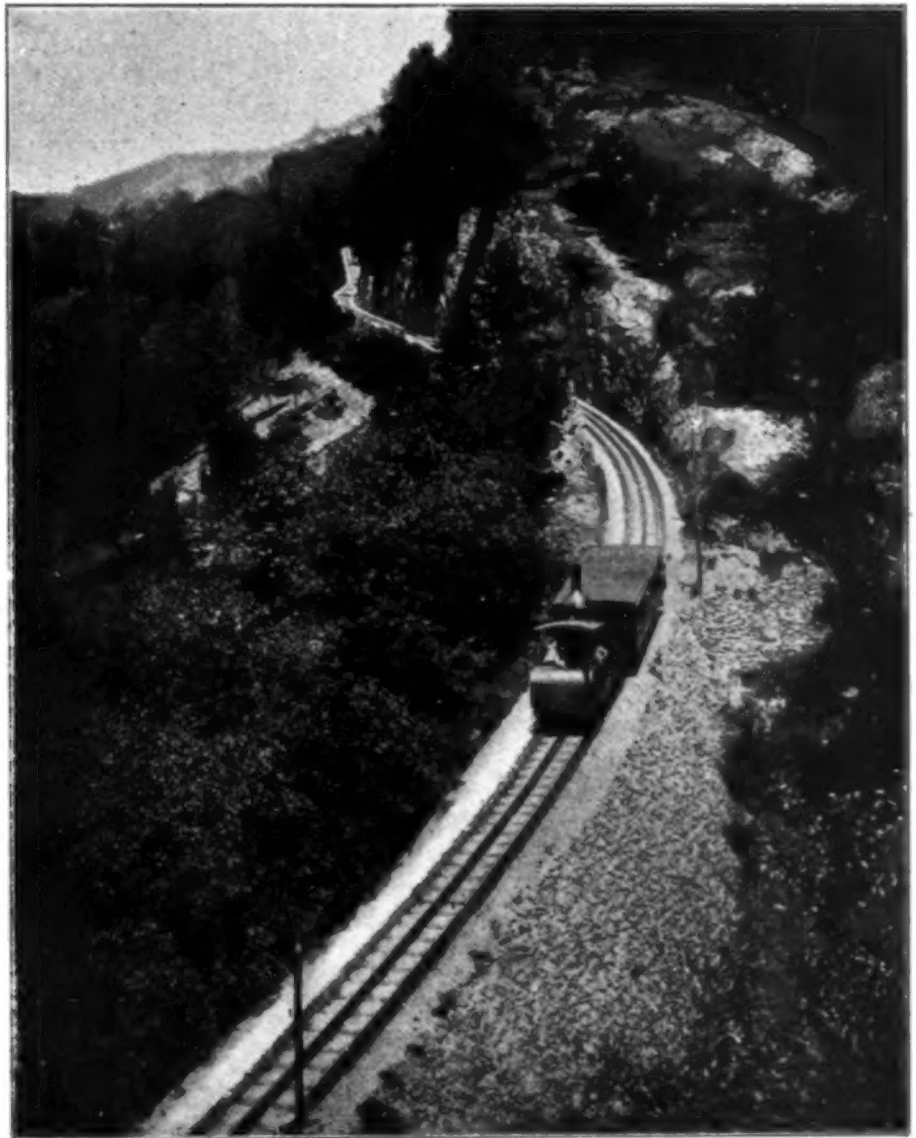
The Russian officer was succeeded by a professor from Harvard, United States, and the professor, by a pretty little German Baroness who speaks four languages. One evening we all assembled in the verandah, to witness the fête on the lake, which seemed alive with coloured lanterns and processions of illuminated steamers, depicting the "Lion," the "Zorelai," the old water-tower. The fireworks were superb, whilst the Mewsegg, the Gutch, and the mountains were ablaze with coloured lights and bonfires.

So far I have not said a word about

the principal feature of Lucerne -the celebrated lake. As regards the scenery, it is not for me to describe, or to attempt to follow feebly in the steps of Schiller. A "ride on the steamer" — as an American girl expressed it — to Weggis, gave us a foretaste of the glories which were yet to come. Weggis is the first stopping-place after Lucerne, and about half-an-hour's distance by boat. It is a health and holiday resort, stretching along the lake shore, below the Rigi. Here are numerous pretty villas, with their shady gardens dipping into the water, as well as several large hotels and *pensions*. Weggis gives one an impression of the absence of traffic and bustle (there is but one omnibus, instead of forty, at the pier); a sort of restful, dreamy atmosphere seems to encompass it — surely a delightful retreat, far from the maddening crowd! where one can climb the surrounding heights at leisure, with nothing to disturb attention but the chapel bells and the occasional whistle of a steamboat.

A walk up the hill behind this chapel strengthens the idea, and the fascination of Weggis. We — a party of three — climb deliberately through newly-cut grass, among orchards, past brown chalets, standing in gardens ablaze with roses and gladioli, and cast-

ing ourselves down on the summit of a green hill—which is on the post-path to the Rigi — tranquilly surveyed the scene. The lake looked opal in some shades, emerald in others. The opposite woods of Burgenstock merge into deep blue, and beyond, rise Stanserhorn, and proud Pilatus. A noisy little mountain stream at our feet, is eagerly hurrying to the lake, and the ground all around is covered with lucky clover. One of my companions presented me with a four-leaved clover — next best to a four-leaved shamrock. After two hours of the *dolce far niente* we reluctantly descended to the town. The country folk on the hillside saluted us with such a wel-



THE RIGI RAILWAY



RAILWAY STATION

coming smile, that we all decided that it would be delightful to return and spend a few days at Weggis. But other people have arrived at a similar decision, and we find that there is not an empty room to be had for love or money, and, by all accounts, it is the same story at Vitznau and Brunnen. As we wait on the pier for our steamer, troops of pedestrians flock down from the Rigi, more or less pleased with their achievement—particularly if they have made the ascent on foot. The tourists are of all ages, from a sturdy school-boy of eleven, to an equally sturdy old clergyman of seventy, who is armed with an alpenstock, and the inevitable umbrella. They all look extremely happy, and smiling, and as if the air upon the Rigi had agreed with them. The little pier is too narrow to accommodate every one, and many went upon the road partly for that reason, but more particularly—and in our own case—because of the presence of a great naked cheese as large as a cart-wheel, and as “strong,” which is also anticipating embarkation. An excursion to Fluellen, at the far end of the lake, is such a popular expedition, that even the 9.30

boat, which carries 1,000 passengers, is full to its very last camp-stool, long ere starting. We touch at nine stations *en route*, and the journey of twenty-four miles takes about three hours, for the steamer crosses and re-crosses from one pretty little town to another, and the sudden sharp turns vary the entire views, which are exquisite, and twice we appear to be entering an entirely different piece of water. Most of my fellow-passengers, clasp in their hands the tourist's Bible, “Baedeker”—mine I had unfortunately forgotten; but a tall old lady, whose daughters or nieces sat next to me, and who had evidently travelled much in bygone days, stood, so to speak, over us, and kindly read aloud to them (and me) almost the whole way; only occasionally seating herself on her camp-stool in order to expound personal information. Thus, for the time being, I found myself an adopted and involuntary member of the family—if I moved I lost my place. I absorbed many useful facts, and have the history of various villagers and *pensions* at my fingers' ends. I am also aware, that Fred and Georgina spent their honeymoon at Giesau, and liked it immensely;

that the Gordons are at Brunnen, perfectly charmed with their rooms; and that young Lumley—who paid Flo such attention—is at the Black Eagle; and that if Annette is *really* coming to Vitznau, she had better bring her bike. After we passed Brunnen, and where the St. Gothard line pierces the mountains, the scenery becomes grander than ever. From Tell's Chapel we enter into full view of the end of the lake, and the majestic "Wurothstock," with his snow-white head, towering over all.

corners or the lake-shore, and was offered at every landing place a most tempting choice of pears, grapes, plums, peaches, and figs; on the present occasion I selected four monster figs and proceeded on board the "Victoria," at half-past three, not a moment too soon, to find a seat—for the St. Gothard express has disgorged its passengers. We were likely to be even more crowded than when we left Lucerne. By the way, I never saw such black carriages as those which were drawn up by



OLD BRIDGE

At Fluellen we all disembarked and distributed ourselves among the various inns. I had an excellent lunch on the balcony of "Le Croix Blanc," and afterwards wandered about the little town—where there was a fair with "merry-go-rounds" in full swing—and purchased some fruit. I had never realised, that Switzerland was a fruit country until I saw the laden orchards which were tucked into all the sunniest

the lake-shore, offering a shameless contrast to the snowy peaks. The St. Gothard is a veritable "nigger" among trains, but I believe the reason of this is that no less than forty-five miles of its journey is tunnel, so no wonder that it resembles a mole! Ere we start, there is ample time to study some of our fellow-passengers. Numerous are the French, Germans, and English. This year there is an unusual scarcity of our

American cousins — they are more interested in battle-ships than "Baedeker," in Santiago than Switzerland. I notice numerous tweed-clad Englishmen, a few pretty girls in the distinguishing sailor hat, and trim tailor-made. I think one can always tell an English girl by her complexion, and, failing that—the handle of her umbrella. The crowd presents the most extreme difference of individuality. Here is a dishevelled lady traveller, with an eager, weather-beaten face, a badly-fitting, shrunken costume, dusty felt hat, and minus gloves. She carries a net bag, stuffed with odds and ends, a bulging hold-all, umbrella, alpenstock, and, of course, Baedeker. She drops her parcels here and there, and finally finds a seat beside a pretty, supercilious French woman, whose toilette of white piqué, with pink silk vest, and sash, white plumed hat, white kid gloves, and brocade work-bag, point her out as a traveller who is merely making a short afternoon trip. I see an English bishop and his wife, several sweet brides, a handsome Austrian officer, paying marked attention to a pretty American and her mother. A German tourist, who sat near me, ordered coffee for two; he had evidently arrived by train with his wife and boy. When the coffee came, I noted with silent admiration, that he carefully poured out one cup for

his wife, another filled up with milk for the little boy, and patiently waited for his own share, until they had both finished. In England, who would have been served first?

Now we are steaming homewards, and the voyage up the lake even exceeds in beauty, that of the morning trip. The water is like glass, and reflects every shade from emerald green to gleaming silver, and a soft evening breeze begins to fall upon the scene; then comes the sunset, which touches the mountain peaks as with a torch, and illuminates the uplands. We glide swiftly by pious villages, where the angelus is tolling, past the Kreuz-trichter, into which open the four arms of the lake, past steamers equally laden, boats, and picturesque gondolas, and are once more in sight of Lucerne. A full blaze of sunset is resting on it, as if to say "good-bye," and turning it for the moment, into a city of gold.

Here we are at the station pier, and struggle in a dense body down the stairs and along the gangway, thereby tipping the boat over to a somewhat acute angle. Whence this haste?—I cannot imagine. We are not going to catch a train, and we are all in ample time for dinner. At last we are released, and disperse in a leisurely fashion—companions for three hours, never to meet again. But I, for one, shall hope to see Lucerne next year.





WRITTEN BY THOMAS E. MAYNE. ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS KNIGHT



IN a rocky bay near the jutting promontory of Slyne Head in Galway a fisherman was standing alone in his boat. The sea was turbulent, as it so often is on that wild coast, and the flowing tide swept round the outer point and swirled wildly among the irregularities of the narrow inlet. The waves were smooth and sullen as they rose and fell with regular pulsation, sucking at the rocks and climbing up their sides in creamy masses. The young fisherman's face was flushed with labour and browned by exposure to the sun. He was pulling in his lines. Fish came to the surface in rapid succession, great bright silver cod and haddock which slapped and rapped the sides of the boat in their struggles. The fisherman drew in the ends of the lines and threw them into the stern, a tangled heap of wet brown tackle.

Then he shaded his eyes with his hand and looked seaward. The sun shone in clear radiance over the

face of the sea, and glittered brightly on the rolling waves. A haze which seemed half made of mist and half of diffused light lay along the Atlantic hiding the horizon. The sky was partly clouded; light curtains of vapour were now and then drawn across the sun, but they only partly obscured it. A brisk wind was coming shoreward, which gave additional impulse to the flowing tide. High on every side rose the rocks with the steepness of a wall. The young fisherman's gaze rested on one spot out at sea; he seemed to forget all else.

Far out beyond the head a dark object could be seen in the midst of a patch of white surf. An under-water reef was breaking up the waves, and upon it could be vaguely discerned the hull and broken masts of a small schooner.

She had been wrecked on that treacherous reef four days ago, and the sea was still angry from the effects of the storm. She had, it was conjectured, drifted too close to the cliffs, and in

trying to beat out again had struck the reef. Some few people on shore had seen her lights burning and rockets flying in the night, but there was then no life-boat on the coast, and no small boat could have lived in the sea. Some bodies had come ashore along with a great deal of broken timber. It was reckoned as certain that every man on board had perished.

When the roll of the Atlantic had somewhat subsided, the wreck would probably be visited by some of the poor fisher-folk from the shore in hopes of finding something of value on board. The coast-guard system was not at this time so efficient or so extensive in its operations as it has since become. Connemara was then considered far out of the bounds of civilisation, and it took some time and trouble to put the ordinary laws of the land into action there.

In former years the diabolical wrecker, perched on some jutting rock and holding his flaming torch over the seething waters, like a demon glad and gloating amid the reign of terror and death, had not been unknown on this coast. Now he was, happily, extinct.

But when by the permission of Providence a vessel was cast away on the terrible and treacherous rocks, every man thought himself at liberty to make the best of his opportunity. The young fisherman from Mannin Bay had determined that he would not lose his chance for lack of venturing.

Niall Mulrenin, indeed, had never been wanting in courage. Bred in the arms of the sea, as he might be said to have been, kissed by its salt, stinging spray, and nursed on its kind, if rough, bosom into health and hardihood, he was ready to dare the utmost peril without a moment's hesitation.

He turned at last from the sight of the wreck and began pulling with strong swift strokes along the shore, and at length landed in a little sandy creek where there were one or two thatched cottages with nets spread on poles



THE DIABOLICAL WRECKER

before them. He stranded the boat and proceeded to walk towards the houses with a thoughtful face.

Slowly he climbed the hill at the back of the cottages, not pausing till he reached the eminence above them. He had left the fish in the boat and seemed to have forgotten them completely.

On the top of the cliffs he came face to face with a young girl who was walking briskly along with a joyous step singing an old song in Irish.

She was fresh and bright of complexion, though the sun had burned her skin to a warm brown, through which the natural red of her cheeks glowed richly and deeply. Her hair was raven black and tumbled upon her shoulders in plentiful masses. It was entirely unconfined and formed her only head-dress. Her feet pressed the wiry heather firmly and were innocent of shoe or stocking.

"Nora Hanrahan, is it yourself is in it?" asked Niall, the gloom lifting suddenly from his face. "Who would have thought to see you here."

"I came to see if I could get any bits of sticks for the fire," she replied. "There was some on the strand yesterday hereabouts."

"There's timber and sticks galore," said Niall, "just down here by the rocks, and 'tis broken up fine and small for firing. I'll go with you and get you some."

The two went down the path together and got upon the firm wet beach.

"A man would have a poor chance for life if he came in with the tide of Monday last on these rocks," observed Niall, as he commenced gathering up the shattered timber with which the shore was strewn.

"Mary preserve us from a death like that!" said Nora, devoutly crossing herself. "To think o' the poor sailors washed against the sharp cliffs and drowned in the lashin' surge. Sure 'tis terrible to think of."

Niall had forgotten his present occupation and was staring seaward to the wreck again.

"They say there was queer sights and sounds that night," continued Nora, as she gathered the driftwood into the skirt of her dress. "They say scrames

was heard in the air and fearsome voices callin', callin' for all the world like a mother callin' to her child out over the waters, and it went on all night, and the next mornin' there was five poor drowned corpses lyin' on the shore just about here. And some say they saw a figure like—the saints between us and harm!—the grey woman herself, and heard a rushin' of feet on the cliff-head and a sweepin' of wings in the air. Sure it might all well be before such destruction as was wrought in the waves, and no livin' soul to do the keenin'.

"I think she'll go to pieces in a day or two," said Niall as though half-speaking to himself. "The sea's lashin' her sides and beatin' her stem terribly."

"What'll go to pieces then, Niall?" asked Nora, looking up wonderingly. "What in the world are you speakin' of?"

"The wreck then, acushla," replied Niall. "I'm lookin' at the wreck."

Nora fixed an earnest look upon his face. Then she advanced a step or two towards him.

"Niall," she said, "don't be thinkin' about the wreck or wishin' for anythin' that's on her. If there's wealth there, it's dead man's wealth, and would only bring a curse with it. Let the wreck be, Niall, and the dead that are with her. The store in her is theirs. What comes from the sea goes to the sea they say; let her be, Niall, and think no more of her."

Niall turned away with a half-forced laugh.

"There'll be some of the boys goin' out to her I'll be bound," he said, "but 'tis little they'll get maybe bar a drenchin' in the waves."

"There's some of them foolhardy enough," said Nora, "and there's danger enough on the sea without goin' to look for it. Better they'd keep to their fishin' than go adventurin' life and limb on such errands."

Niall began to collect firewood for Nora as if the matter had passed from his mind. Togeth'r they climbed the steep side of the cliffs by the narrow footpath, just wide enough to allow them to go abreast, Niall with his arms full of the wood, Nora bearing a bundle in her

dress. They stopped to borrow a creel from a fisherman living in a lonely cottage on the heathy headland, and emptying their burdens into it, they proceeded to carry it between them till they reached Nora's home, which was a dark little hut near the foot of the steep mountain of Urrisbeg.

bade his sweetheart good-bye and returned with a brisk step by the way he had come.

All that evening he prowled about the coast like one tormented by some inward unsatisfied longing. He looked still with hungry eyes out to the wreck. The waves were beating the reefs



"TOGETHER THEY CLIMBED"

Nora's mother was out and her father away at the bay. She asked Niall to step inside and rest himself, but Niall, who could generally while away an hour very contentedly in her company, was strangely restless, and, saying he would return the creel to its owner,

fiercely, and he knew that the swirl of waters among their jagged points would be full of danger for a small boat. He kept jealously watching lest any of the men should be adventurous enough to attempt a landing on the schooner; but the evening came down with a

marvellous blaze of gold and amethyst tints which died into crimson and cool sea-green, and presently the purple night and the calm stars were over all and no boat had put out over the angry waters.

Niall returned slowly home, bringing the spoils of the morning with him. The family were at the evening meal. The odour of fish, upon which they mainly subsisted, filled the little smoky cabin.

There were three young children in the cabin and an old man, who sat by the fire and gazed into the glowing peat whilst he chewed his bit of twist contentedly. He took but little notice of what went on except to scold the children sometimes for running over his feet. On the other side of the fire-place lay a rough Irish terrier who slept peacefully with his head on his paws, opening an enquiring eye occasionally to survey the proceedings at the table in case any scraps should be coming his way.

Niall set his fish in a creel in one corner and sat down quietly at the table.

His mother bustled about and presently set a plate of steaming haddock before him.

"Eat Niall, agra," she said, "you have been all day without tastin' a bite; you must be fair famished. And quit pushin' at me," she added to the hungry urchins about her. "Don't you see I'm gettin' your supper as fast as I can? You'd think you hadn't tasted bite or sup for a fortnight."

"Where's father?" asked Niall. "Is he in the bay?"

"He's doing a turn at the potato-ridge," said Mrs. Mulrenin. "The sea is rough and none of the men has gone out far. The weather looks unsettled still, and there may be squalls at the tail of the storm yet."

"The fish are keen to bite," said Niall. "But the boats cannot bear the sail in such weather, and rowing is toilsome; the wind is sinking to-night, and the sea will surely be calmer to-morrow."

The children's voices were quieter now, for all were busily engaged in despatching the boiled fish. Hungry as cormorants, after racing and romping over the

hills and strand, they devoured their supper with an entire absorption of all their energies in the operation. That being finished, their tongues began to go again in spite of their mother's reiterated "Whist then, and let us hear our ears," or "Be quiet now, or I'll send you to bed this mortal minute."

Little Connie was whittling a boat out of a piece of wood, but it did not interrupt the flow of his speech. Connie was nine, the others, Eily and Tim, eight and six respectively. Niall was eldest of the family by eight years, and his own mother was dead and in her grave five years ago. When Niall spoke to the children they clustered round him in an eager group. Niall was the hero of the house in their eyes.

But Niall was dull to-night, and silent and abstracted; so the children let him be and continued to chatter among themselves. Presently he got up and left the room, and they heard him go to his sleeping apartment. He appeared no more that night, though Connie said, "I wisht he'd trim the stern of my boat for me, and she'd be ready for sailin' the mornin' of to-morrow," and Eily said, "I want him to tell me the story of the man that kept the people's souls down undher the sea."

Next morning Niall was abroad just as the sun was rising over the grey horizon and whilst white mists were yet clinging to the land. He made straight for the little creek where he had left his boat the night before, and having thrust her into the water began to pull out around the rocks and headlands. The sea was still rough and the waves tumbled into the gaps and fissures of the cliffs with a loud and hollow sound. Spray was flying in the wind and white water could be seen all along the shore. Even on the patches of smooth beach the waves came in with a fierce rush and roar and went out hissing venomously. But Niall thought nothing of this, and only strained his eyes out over the dim waters to find the forsaken wreck.

The sun's red light struggled with the mists. Here it seemed to prevail, there it was partly vanquished. The sky was slowly crimsoning over all the east; the clouds parted sullenly and allowed the warm rosy beams to fall in shafts and

patches over the sea. They touched the heathy heads of the rocks here and there and lit the majestic sides of Urisbeg and the distant groups of mountains. Their summits were still cloud-capped. As Niall passed along under the frowning escarpments of the coast, he could scarce repress a thrill of superstitious awe, they seemed so vague, so unreal. At length, as he came under the shadow of Slyne Head and prepared to pull seawards, he made sure he saw a figure looming out on an overhanging ledge. On the utmost edge it seemed to hang threateningly, a vague, vast form, neither of the race of sea or land. It hung where no human foot could find a resting place and stretched an arm upwards and towards him. It seemed to threaten, to warn, and to command. Niall stopped rowing to cross himself and mutter a hasty prayer. The next moment a wavering shaft of sunlight fell on the rock and seemed to strike the figure away into oblivion.

"'Twas nothing," said Niall to himself, "'Twas only the mist and my own fancy. What a fool I am to imagine such things."

Nevertheless, he felt in his breast for the little charm which he wore in common with many of the peasantry on the coast, and finding it safe, again muttered:

"St. Senan and the blessed angels between us and harm. They can have no power over those that do no hurt or evil. What would I do more than all would do if they dared? The sea's wealth is every man's wealth that has luck to find it and courage to take it."

Nora's warning, indeed, flashed for a moment through his mind. It was believed that those who had been suddenly dispossessed of wealth by a violent death generally kept guard over it from the spirit-land. But he put aside this idea as an idle fantasy.

He was now well out in the open and pulling against the long, smooth Atlantic swell. It was heavy work and taxed his strength to the utmost. More than once he had to cease rowing for a while and content himself with keeping the boat from drifting shoreward. He glanced round often to see if he was approaching near the wreck, and he saw

it loom up gradually larger and larger in the light mist. Presently he could hear the roar of the surf as it broke over the reefs.

The sound stimulated him to new effort. Bending to the oar again he pulled steadily for half-an-hour, and when he again looked round the black hull of the schooner seemed just above him. Already the boat felt the commotion of the water as it churned itself to frenzy among the rocks and swirled between them, rushed above and overwhelmed them, or fell roaring from their summits as the waves passed onward from the assault.

He surveyed the wreck critically, and choosing the points where it seemed safest to approach, pulled boldly towards it. It was perilous work. The little boat hung for an instant poised on the crest of a wave, then rushed upon the wreck. She seemed as if she must dash herself to pieces upon it. The noise of the sea was terrible; it boiled as in a cauldron. But Niall's nerves had tightened to meet this moment of danger. He stood upright in the bow. As the boat leaped at the schooner he sprang upon its side, having the painter bound about his waist.

The boat struck the side of the schooner with some violence, but Niall was safe on board. He made the painter fast to a cleek, and paused for a moment to breathe.

"Praise be to Glory!" he exclaimed. "That's done, and all's safe. She can do herself no great harm. Now I must look about me. What a fine craft this is—trim and clean and finely fitted! Money has been put into the making of her."

The schooner, even in her present battered condition, did indeed show signs of care and elegance in her appointments. The stern was partly submerged in the waves, which, as they thundered upon it, shook her whole bulk viciously. But the decks were smooth and white; the brass-work yet remained bright and clear, and the white paint on bulwark and stanchion looked fresh and new.

Niall proceeded astern to the companion-way, which yet remained above water. He cautiously ventured down the



"HE SPRANG UPON ITS SIDE"

wet, dark steps. In the cabin he found a foot of water lying, and the table, benches, and unbroken lamp just as they had been whilst the schooner lived buoyant and strong upon the waves. He passed to the cabin which had been the Captain's—a fair-sized room, finely appointed. The walls were cleanly done in white-and-gold panels, the seats cushioned with velvet. Water was lying upon the floor, and oozing in and out of a rent in the counter.

"Perhaps he had his wife aboard," was Niall's mental comment. "God knows! Maybe a child with them. Yet it's scarce likely either. I suspect she was running a contraband cargo to some place on the coast."

Niall intended to look into the hold to find what cargo she carried. He poked about the cabin for a few moments, and tried all the lockers. One of them gave way under his hands. The lock had evidently been shattered by the shock of the schooner striking the rocks. An involuntary cry burst from him. Gold coins were scattered loose within the locker, and several bags tied and sealed lay beside it.

He lifted out the gold pieces one by one. The gold was current gold—honest George pieces. He lifted out the heavy bags. Breaking the seal, he undid the strings of one of them. They, too, were full of current coin. He held a great fortune in his actual grasp.

As he bent, half-dubious of his senses, over this freshly-acquired wealth, he saw a hand move as though it stretched towards the bags. Niall started violently, and for a minute a cold sickness held his heart; the blood surged in his brain, and his head swam. The hand was that of a dead man, who was lying under water just at his feet. The corpse lay in the shadow, and until now he had not observed it. As the schooner shifted a little—which she did ever and anon upon her uneasy bed—the water rushed

In a moment he regained partial control of his nerves again, and gave a kind of strained laugh.

"The gold is mine, mine now, mine ever," he said, putting the pieces into his pockets; and seizing the bags under his arms, he staggered along the sloping cabin deck and up the companion steps.

He was glad to meet the keen wind and the sting of the spray again with open face. Even in thought he dare not venture into the dark cabin or look upon its silent occupant. It was

time indeed for him to be clear of the wreck. There was much actual danger of her sliding from the reef into the deep water and sinking. He made hastily to the bow and deftly flung the bags of gold into the boat. Then seizing his chance he jumped boldly after them. In another minute he had thrust off clear of the schooner.

The little boat danced and rocked for a minute wildly amid the swirling waters, then obeying the impulse given by Niall's sinewy arms at the oars, she shot out into the smoother and more heavily moving billows. Niall's elation was intense. He felt the weight of the gold in his pocket and saw the bags in the stern, and he had already begun to look forward to a golden future, full of honour, riches and happiness. Nora came

into his dreams with her winning dark eyes and glad smile. An airy paradise was opening for him out on the cold grey face of the waters.

So engrossed was he with visions of the future that he forgot all else. He forgot to do what would have been natural to him in ordinary circumstances; he forgot to look at the condition of his boat. She had gone in and out among the teeth of the terrible sunken reefs, and seemed to have taken no hurt. The washing of the salt water



"HE DREW BACK SHUDDERING"

from side to side of the cabin, and it was this which had caused the hand to move so awfully, as though claiming the treasure which Niall had found. The dead man's face was turned towards him, and to Niall the half-closed eyes seemed to be bent full upon him. He drew back, shuddering with involuntary terror.

"Mother of Mercy! what a sight is this," he said hastily. "Can a dead man look like that? If the gold was yours," he continued as though addressing the corpse, "can it be yours now?"

over his feet was the first intimation to the contrary which he received.

Recalled from his day dream to the unpleasant fact that his boat contained a good deal of sea water, he stopped rowing and commenced to bale out. She had shipped the water probably he thought whilst rolling about in the rough sea beside the schooner. Then he commenced to row again and bent earnestly to the work. He looked about keenly on either side, and saw some boats floating like dim specks near to the land. They were now hidden by the crests of the waves, anon raised plainly to sight; and he knew that the fishermen were busily plying their work along the coast. None of them apparently had ventured out towards the wreck; he was the only soul who had as yet gone near her, and the only one who had enriched himself by her store.

He resolved when he encountered any of the yawls to pretend he had been fishing; the secret of the gold must be kept close.

Again the bilge-water lapping on the boat's sides brought back his wandering thoughts. This time after baling, he examined the planks critically for a leak. His practised eye and quick finger were not long in detecting the gaping of two of the timbers. He pressed them together with his foot; but the water oozed between them still in a thin stream.

Now he had to attend both to the oars and the leak, and the strain of this watchfulness soon began to make itself felt. He flung out a couple of boulders which had been used as ballast, and bent resolutely to the oars.

But he found that row as he might and bale as he might, the water gained upon him. For the first time that day his bold mind wavered a little in the face of this new peril, and an anxious look came into his strong grey eyes.

He was still far from shore, and the chances of reaching it before the boat became waterlogged seemed, as he quietly measured the distance, to be extremely precarious. To signal to one of the yawls would have been to betray his secret. He felt ready to dare all danger rather than do that. There was

nothing for it but to trust to his own strength of arm to keep the boat afloat and to bring her ashore.

In the course of a quarter of an hour the water was washing about the ankles of his rough sea-boots, and the warm perspiration was standing out upon his hands and forehead. Setting his teeth tight, he pulled with main strength. The strain was terrible; his face had grown haggard, and his eyes gleamed with a kind of fierce defiance. He felt now that he was at hand-to-hand conflict with fate. If he conquered, a world of pleasure and prosperity stood before him, in which would be none of the hardness and toil that his past life had known: if he was conquered both he and his fortune went down into the waves together unseen of any man. The secret of the gold would remain a secret to the end of time.

The struggle was a fierce one. Slowly but surely the water oozed through the leaks—of which there proved to be more than one—and slowly it deepened in the boat, making it every moment the heavier to row. Niall, whilst cursing bitterly the treacherous reefs which had so mauled his little craft, strained every nerve and muscle, and bent all his energy of will to bring her to shore.

In a little while the conviction forced itself upon him that all his efforts would be useless. The sea would win in the end; what was a man's strength against it? For a moment his heart quailed; death seemed to stare at him out of the white foam; the waves came on like hounds after the boat; they sprang upon her snarling, and their white teeth seemed to seize her labouring sides. They were trying to drag her down; he knew they would drag her down, inevitably, and in a short time. His strength was even now ebbing from him.

The bags of gold were lying in the stern of the boat, and their weight was helping to keep her down in the water. She did not rise buoyantly now on the crests of the waves, but rolled heavily among them, and took their crests over her sides. Niall ceased rowing and took up one of the bags; he had thought of casting them over-board, but even now

the gold had fastened itself somewhat around his heart. He laid the bag down again.

"Dead man's gold, dead man's gold!" the winds seemed to breathe in his ear; "Dead man's gold!" hissed the waves; "They watch over their own, the dead watch!" cried wind and wave together; and again in his mind's eye Niall saw the hand of the dead man stretch out to clasp the treasure—the thin, claw-like fingers, the bloodless hand. "My bitter curse on it," said Niall in a frenzy; "will the waves not cease their crying? They make me mad. Will the dead hand drag both me and the gold down together?"

Even as he spoke the boat refused to obey the action of the oars. It dragged, stopped, and rocked helplessly in the waves half-filled with water. A bounding sea flung itself triumphantly over a beam and slowly the boat began to settle down.

With a rapid inward prayer for help, Niall sprang from her. In an instant she heaved and dived under, going down with a hollow, gurgling sound. Niall was alone among the rollers battling for life.

He was a strong swimmer, and despite his peril, was just then thinking with a pang, of the lost bags of gold. There was an oar floating near him which he seized. Holding this before him he felt he could keep afloat for a time.

Yet he never before had seemed to labour so much in swimming. He had his heavy boots and thick sailor's clothes upon him, but the weight of the gold which remained in his pockets seemed to drag him down with irresistible force.

A sort of superstitious terror seized him. Was it really the dead who were trying to pull him down? Was there a hand upon his collar pulling him steadily

under the water? To his disturbed imagination, faces and forms rose out of the seething waves and swirled about his head. The faint mist went in swathes before him and twirled into grotesque and awful shapes, threatening, cold, and deadly. Ghostly arms stretched towards him, and chill fingers touched his face. And still a wild chorus of shrieking voices rang in his ear, "Dead

man's wealth! dead man's wealth! They watch, the dead watch; they will guard their own!"

"*Millia Mollaghair!*" cried Niall at last. "If I am to die let my soul be clear of the weight of it." He placed his hands in his pockets and flung out a handful of the gold, and then another. Then he struggled on a few strokes. But now complete exhaustion had superseded his severe efforts. He felt as

if he must sink. He placed his hands in the other pocket of his coat and flung away all the remaining gold. Then a weight seemed to be lifted from him, he felt no further horror, no more dread. The bitterness of death itself had passed; he seemed to go quietly to sleep.

When he awoke the first sight that met his eyes was the black rigging of the thatched roof at home. He was lying in his own dark little room. The house was very silent. When he turned in the bed he found his step-mother standing beside him.

She came forward as he stirred.

"Don't be oneasy, Niall," she said. "Lie still, *lanna mocreé*. You're safe at home in your own bed. Lie still and rest."

He lay wondering vaguely and vainly for a while as to why he should be lying there when the sunshine was coming through the little window in such a mellow stream. But the mental effort



"NIALL WAS ALONE AMONG THE ROLLERS"

wearied his brain, and presently he fell fast asleep again.

He slept long and soundly, and when he awoke felt much refreshed and strengthened.

He called his step-mother from her work.

"Mother, tell me," he said, "how I came here. I was out in the boat a while past and was like to be drowned, if I don't mis-remember. Who brought me here?"

"Och, my son, you were liked to be drowned indeed," said the warm-hearted woman, with all a real mother's tenderness; "but in the mercy of God you were saved. Hogan's boat was

plying about a good piece from shore; and they saw you a long way off, and then your boat went out of sight; and they thought they had lost it in the mist, and paid no more heed to it; and it was by the good guidance of a merciful Power that they found yourself in the water clean dead and drowned grippin' on to an oar. It's your father and myself had the bitter black hour, thinkin' you'd never see the light of day again. And it's thankful we are, and blessin' we are on our bended knees the blessed Mother herself that pitied our trouble and give you back to us safe and sound. But don't be troublin' yourself on the matter, for you're safe now,



"SHE CAME FORWARD AS HE STIRRED"

praises be, and don't need to vex yourself at all about it."

Niall lay still and thought.

"The boat went down?" he said questioningly.

"She went down clean and completely, and never light nor sight of her has been seen since," said his step-mother.

"She went down with all that was in her?" he asked slowly.

"Och, don't be troublin' about a lot of ould fish," said the woman quickly. "When yourself is safe out of it, what in the world does it matter?"

Niall felt relieved. It was plain that his expedition to the wreck had been unnoticed and was unsuspected. It was past; the gold had been all lost, and his

boat besides. His labour had gone for nothing; he himself had only escaped death by a hair's breadth.

Now he learned that the excisemen had come and taken possession of the derelict schooner, which was found to contain a cargo of spirits as he had suspected. No benefit was likely to accrue to any one on shore from that source.

The thought of it all was bitter to him for many a day; but by-and-by the disappointment wore off. He fell back into the old ways of looking at life, and the bright but transient dream of wealth and ease faded gradually from his mind.

He was young and strong.

Work, after all, was pleasant.

And then there was Nora Hanrahan.





AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE AND HIS NURSE

Augustus J. C. Hare at Holmhurst

WRITTEN BY HUGH BRYAN. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

HOLMHURST, the home of "A Quiet Life," is some three miles from Hastings and St. Leonards — most prosaic of watering-places. You enter, from the Battle Road, through a wooden gate, flanked by two giant yews, Huz and Buz, find yourself in a drive enclosed by trees, mostly ilex, and a few more steps bring you to the home which Augustus Hare loves so well.

Originally a farm-house, built about two hundred years ago in the solid fashion of the time, an especial air of comfort pervades it. The overhanging

eaves and green sliding window-shutters — contrasting brightly with the grey stone of the building — give it such a remarkably cosy appearance. But it is from the garden front one realises the ideal charm of the house and its situation. Low pitched — for it only possesses two stories — of warm, grey sandstone quarried from the estate, it is covered with ivy and clematis, and there is a wide-spread verandah, paved with small old-fashioned cobbles and separated by a green rail from the brilliant flower-beds and terrace.

From the miniature terrace the sea

sparkles in the distance, and the cliffs and grey towers of Hastings Castle stand out in relief against it; while between ourselves and the sea the ground descends in many wooded hollows of undulating country, with its ever-changing lights and shadows.

Then, the gardens are a dream of delight, full of colour which varies with the seasons; and the estate, although small in extent, is so cunningly arranged that it gives the impression of being a great deal larger than it really is. Round its upland pastures garden walks wind in and out through constant changes of flowers, lawn, rock, wood, and water, affording an endless variety of miniature but characteristic scenery.

By the verandah door sits *Lelaps*, a marble dog from a Venetian Palace, and a few steps bring us into the drawing-room with its wide view over sea and land, filled with books which belonged to the fine library of Sir W. Jones, the orientalist. Here piles of great volumes contain thousands of water colour draw-

ings, by Augustus Hare, of every part of England and of the Continent. The book-cases are laden with priceless china from Hurstmonceaux Castle, and on their ledges stand beautiful water colour drawings by Louisa, Lady Waterford, which in colour and feeling remind one of Giorgione.

The little hall, equally filled with pictures and cabinets, has stained glass and antlers from Hurstmonceaux. The antiphonarium on a cypress cabinet contains an illumination by Fra Bartolommeo. The study is a tiny room, chiefly filled with books, and with every interstice occupied by a network of pictures. To most visitors by far the most interesting are the portrait of Augustus Hare's beautiful sister Esmeralda, whose extraordinary career is recorded in the "Story of My Life"—and the touching portrait of his mother—both painted with loving devotion by the aged Roman artist, Canevari. Where everything has an interest, it is difficult to know what especially to



IN THE STUDY

describe, but we may mention a small original sketch by Raffaello, a vase attributed to Benvenuto Cellini, and the curious horn cup, mounted and embossed with silver, which belonged to Pope Pius the Ninth.

To outsiders, however, the chief interest of the room lies in the three little tables massed together into one, and close to the window with its wide view of green lawn and glancing sea, on which nearly all Hare's books have been written. Ceaselessly are these tables covered with a succession of proof-sheets, often of many editions printing at the same time. Every morning in summer and winter finds the hermit of Holmhurst, as he is called in the neighbourhood, at work here—unless he is in London, when the Athenæum Club is the scene of his labours. His hours are from seven to nine, when he breakfasts; from ten to one o'clock dinner; and then from two to three and from six to seven. Probably, it is owing to his regular mode of life that Augustus Hare has remained such a long time young, and even his most intimate friends can hardly realise that he was born in 1834.

Regular hours, regular meals, perfect servants who spare all the usual worries of an establishment, eschewing smoking, hardly touching wine and never spirits, and always doing kind things for other people—these are the secret of a remarkable youthfulness. To food Hare is himself perfectly indifferent, and would gladly do without it if he could—but with a keen appreciation of what is good, he spares no pains in looking after the material comfort of his numerous guests; and Holmhurst possesses a wonderful collection of recipes of dainty dishes which are quite peculiar to itself.

The writer need not speak of Hare's reputation as a *raconteur*, though he knows nothing more absorbing than to hear him tell a story. His arresting voice, which reaches every corner of the room, and his weird manner, entirely rivet the listener's attention, and if the story is a ghostly one, it is felt in every nerve. Possessed of a most retentive memory, he has always some anecdote ready about anyone who is anybody,

though he is never heard to say an unkind or ill-natured word. He is, of course, a good linguist, having Italian, Spanish, and French at his fingers' ends, and some knowledge of German; and he is intimately acquainted with the literature of those countries. As a water colour painter he has been so indefatigable, that few places of interest at home or abroad have escaped his brush. His pictures are characteristic for their clear colouring and great accuracy of detail. A perfect master of the technique of his art, he draws in pencil as rapidly as he does correctly.

The kitchen at Holmhurst and even the other offices are, like all the other rooms in the house, full of curios and objects of interest, and will be always associated with Mary Lea, Mrs. Hare's old maid, housekeeper, and devoted friend, so often mentioned in the Memorials. Wholly inconsistent, as most would say, with a kitchen, but banished hither because in this little over-filled house there is no room for it elsewhere, is the magnificent oak carved throne of the Abbots of Treguier, on which in days gone by they used to sit in state.

On the upper floor of the house is a wide gallery, lined with portraits of the family. Hence, a few steps lead to the room which was the scene of Mrs. Hare's invalid life, and of those hours touchingly described in the last pages of the Memorials. All is unaltered here since her presencesanctified the chamber. Through her own life-time the faithful Mary Lea, summer and winter, kept the vase on her little table daily filled with freshly cut flowers, and it is so still. This is the prayer-table, which may almost be regarded as a feature of Mrs. Hare's life at Alton, and which still bears the books constantly used by her wherever she might be.

The servants' rooms are full of pictures and old furniture, very homely and bright; and indeed it is natural that they should be so, as every servant who comes to Holmhurst stays there for life, and when too old to work is assured of a comfortable pension.

A series of acts of kindness to others has been the real work of Augustus Hare's life. Intensely sensitive, he felt to the utmost, during his youth, the

want of sympathy and companionship, and always vowed that if he had the chance he would befriend any whose lives were solitary or who stood in need of encouragement. Whenever he has heard of a boy or young man in this position he has tried to help him. He has thus done innumerable good turns to dozens of boys and young men, to whom Holmhurst has been a haven of rest, and thus he has brought sunshine into very many lives. It is not, then, to be wondered at that young men are

attained when left undisturbed for one hundred years. Here the ground is enamelled with snowdrops and aconites in early spring. Through this grove, winding walks lead towards further gardens on different levels, one of them passing the dogs' cemetery, with tombs of "Lewes," "Luchen," "Faust," "Romo," "Rollo," and "Teverino." A little staircase ascends to Augustus Hare's "own garden," filled with rare plants brought together from all his European wanderings. In the hollow



IN THE GARDEN

amongst his most devoted friends, and that he himself should remain so young through their companionship.

But we must turn to the garden, where there is something almost tropical in the luxuriance of floral vegetation, partly accounted for by the fact that three different soils meet on this tiny domain, and that to each the flowers which love them most are accommodated. On one side of the house the ancient oaks and beeches have quite a forest-like character, rising as they do from a bed of moss of a perfection which is only

called the "rocky valley," a fine piece of natural rock breaks through the undergrowth, and a flight of rough-hewn "pilgrim steps" leads to the "holy well," an unfailing spring frequented in former times for the cure of weak eyes.

In the opposite direction one is almost startled to find, in this quiet and countrified spot, on the brow of a slightly rising ground with a wide sea view, a huge pile of sculpture. It is the identical group which stood for two hundred years in front of the west door

of St. Paul's Cathedral, and represents Queen Anne surrounded by the four countries supposed to be dependent on her—viz., England, France, Ireland, and the American colonies, executed in Carrara marble by Bird, in 1712. Strange to say, the advice of a young sculptor was listened to by the City authorities when

mason's yard by Augustus Hare, and he determined to save it. In law the figures were the property of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Mayor, and the Bishop of London, who were each persuaded to give up their shares, and with four trucks, four trollies, sixteen men, and twenty-eight horses,



STATUE OF QUEEN ANNE

he suggested that they should be removed and their place taken by a copy from his own hand. The original group was, it is true, somewhat damaged, but could easily have been restored as we see it now. For a year and a-half it disappeared from sight entirely, when fortunately it was discovered in a stone-

the queen arrived eventually with her retinue at Holmhurst, where she has grown visibly whiter under the healing power of country rain.

An account of Holmhurst cannot be complete without some mention of the Hospice. Only a few yards from the garden is a little house of Scotch step-

gabled character, built by Mary Lea, on land and with stone given by Mrs. Hare. After the little building was finished, Mary Lea dreaded that she would be expected now to go and live there, and this became so great a source of trouble to her, that Augustus Hare bought the house back twenty-eight years ago. It has since been a refuge for those whom he is pleased to call the "poor rich"—people who have a certain means of subsistence, yet too narrow to admit of its bringing sunshine into their lives. Hare pays their travelling expenses, and provides them with an outfit of groceries, and a daily supply of garden and dairy produce. Many are those who from regular visits to the Hospice become the intimate friends of Holmhurst, some who for sixteen or even twenty years have never failed to pass a month of their summer here. Like the house, the Hospice is filled with old carved furniture, books, pictures, and flowers.

Visitors to Holmhurst are generally the same, though those who regularly repeated themselves with the months of the year have gradually, alas! become fewer through death. Amongst these were Dean Stanley and Lady Augusta, who never failed to visit their aged aunt every year. The venerable Baroness Bunsen and the late Dean Alford were also frequent guests. Speaking of visitors to Holmhurst recalls the characteristic *mot* of Lady Airlie's French maid. She came to little Holmhurst with her mistress from a very great house, and when Lady Airlie asked her if she did not dislike the change from the fine house to the simple one, she said, "*O non, miladi, du moment que c'est historique, ça me plait !*"

Of Augustus Hare's voluminous writings, his first attempt was a collection of "Epitaphs for Country Churchyards," good-naturedly published by John Parker, of Oxford. Then came Murray's "Hand-book to Oxfordshire," written when living at Christchurch with Arthur Stanley. In 1854 Mrs. Hare's illness began, and from that time our author's home life was that of a constant sick nurse, except at the rare intervals in which he was able to work at a "Hand-book of Durham and North-

umberland" and a little volume called "A Winter at Mentone." After his mother's death, when he was so worn to a shadow that no one thought he would survive, he devoted himself to writing the "Memorials," and about the same time appeared "Walks in Rome." During his early visits to the Eternal City he had compiled a copious notebook, which contained all the passages of different authors written out referring to the city. The great help which this volume was to the Hares led to an impression that a similar book somewhat expanded would be of service to Roman travellers, and the system has since been applied to all the cities, indeed to most of the highways and byeways of Europe, and has found a host of imitators. Then began the long chain of books on Italy, Spain, Sweden, Norway, Holland, Russia, Sicily, and France, with their numerous illustrations, in themselves an arduous labour. Interspersed with these appeared the Memoirs of Hare's dear friend, the Baroness Bunsen, of Maria Edgeworth, of Dean Stanley, Dean Alford, and Mrs. Duncan Stewart, and lastly of the Quaker family of Gurney. More heartfelt, and occupying more fully all the energies and interest of its author, was the Memorial of Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford, and her sister, the former more than anyone else his constant correspondent, and, after his mother's death, the friend of his whole life, with all its minutest, as well as all its most marked incidents.

Of some of these books the circulation has been enormous, especially of the Memorials, and of the books on Italy. The former (not counting the gigantic sale in America, where five pirate publishers issued it in either complete or mutilated forms) has reached its 19th edition, many of these being of 5,000 copies. "Walks in Rome" is in its 14th edition, but the "Volumes on France" to which even greater attention has been paid, still have only a small circulation, as that country, for some inexplicable reason, still attracts few travellers, though it probably contains more of historic and architectural interest than any other. People probably think that Augustus Hare has made a fortune out

of his books, but this is far from being the case, as most of his books have to be constantly revised and kept up to date, while their illustrations have been enormously expensive. In fact, the large sale of the "Memorials," "Walks in Rome," and the two little volumes on Florence and Venice, has done little more than support the other volumes, which have had comparatively a small circulation. The familiar bindings of the books originated in those on Rome and its environs, which appeared in the colours of Etruria, and they gradually became so well known, that it seemed well to adopt them for his other works. The seals of Mrs. Hare, and the Baroness Bunsen, and the beautiful statue of Victory, in the hall at Holmhurst, have furnished the small ornamental devices on the sides of the books.

Before visiting a country, Augustus Hare has always written a book, which has been entirely re-written afterwards. He has felt, and most strongly, that it was no use to visit any place without knowing something about it first. Mrs. Hare, in his boyhood, always insisted upon his making himself, as far as could be, a master of the history, traditions and artistic attractions of even the smallest places in England which they visited.

When at Holmhurst, Hare never leaves his gates. It is kindly recognised by the neighbours that the "hermit" does not pay visits, and that they must not disturb him except on Tuesdays, when the house is filled with guests, who have tea, look at sketch-books, go over the rooms, or pick flowers in the garden. During the autumn months, which are his comparative holiday, Augustus Hare has, from one circumstance or another, been able to visit nearly every great house in England. In this way he has made the acquaintance of all that is best and most interesting in the land, while his fund of anecdote, wide knowledge, and charm of manner, have always made him the most acceptable of guests. Much time, however, has to be spent abroad, where he has hosts of friends, and is compelled to travel to keep his books up to date.

Whilst writing the life of the Baro-

ness Bunsen, it became necessary, for the sake of gathering information, that Augustus Hare should visit her friend the Dowager Princess of Wied, at her castle of Mon Repos near the Rhine, and here he first met her half-sister, the Queen of Sweden and Norway. When visiting her not long afterwards at her summer residence of Orkeröd, on the Christiania Fiord, where the late Prince Imperial was also a guest, Hare was persuaded to promise that when the queen's eldest son went to Italy he would be his friend and companion. The promise was fulfilled during the winter of 1878-79, and was productive of a lasting friendship with the young prince. With him Hare visited Rome, and afterwards made a tour in Northern Italy; with him he went through the vicissitudes of a London season, and afterwards paid with him a series of visits to the great houses and castles of England and Scotland. The friendship thus formed has been constantly kept up, and all events of the Hare family life, especially the death of Mary Lea, called forth the most heartfelt sympathy from the beloved Queen. At the close of his ten months' companionship with the Swedish Prince, his Majesty the King of Sweden and Norway conferred upon Hare the Order of St. Olaf.

The publication of "Walks in Rome" was followed by a series of lectures at Rome, which extended over many winters; peripatetic *al fresco* lectures given among the scenes they describe and originating in the walks with and lectures given for H.R.H. Prince Arthur, now Duke of Connaught. A story in connection with these *al fresco* lectures is entertaining. On one occasion Hare was followed over the Palatine Hill by a large invited audience, when an uninvited stranger joined himself to the party. As the lecture proceeded the intruder began to exhibit signs of the utmost annoyance and indignation. Still, he persisted in following. After the speaker, according to his wont, had given a *résumé* of the lecture in front of the palace of the Cæsars, before taking leave, the stranger stepped forward with: "Gentlemen and ladies, it is not my habit to put myself forward on a

public occasion, but there are some things which no gentleman can listen to in silence. You are not apparently aware that all that this *person* has been telling you, palming it off upon you as if it were his own, is taken *word for word*, ladies and gentlemen, though you would scarcely believe it, from *Mr. Hare's 'Walks in Rome!'*" Augustus Hare almost embraced the man on the spot, saying that he had never known before

that he had a friend who looked so keenly after his interests.

One more story. It is that of the lady who was driving away from the Hôtel de Londres at Rome in a carriage laden with camp-stools and sketch-books, and who called out to her maid, still standing amid a crowd of porters and waiters on the doorstep, "Oh, Eliza, Eliza, I have left my *Hare* upon the dressing-table!"



IN THE SHRUBBERY



A Memorial Tablet

WRITTEN BY G. BACON. ILLUSTRATED BY M. NISBET



THOUGH cruel circumstances have made me a business man and tied me to an office stool, yet nature designed me for an artist—at least, that is what I fondly imagine, and what my friends frequently assure me. Possibly my artistic attainments are not of the highest order, and beyond all doubt my income is more assured in my present profession than if I depended upon my brush alone; but it pleases me to think I was made for higher things, and I follow

my natural bent as far as my circumstances will permit. During my brief summer holiday I invariably take a sketching tour in various less-frequented parts of England; and last August I found myself wandering on the northern

borders of Hampshire, making copious entries in my sketch-book of rolling commons and woodland glades, picturesque cottages, rustic children, and fine old church towers.

I think it was the church tower of Crockford that first induced me to pitch my camp there; and as the neighbourhood abounded in lovely views, and as I was fortunate in discovering a very excellent old-fashioned inn, I made it my headquarters and base of operations.

Crockford is hardly large enough to be called a town, and yet it is somewhat overgrown for a village. It possesses quite a respectable High-street, where is the aforementioned inn, and a large open green, beyond which stands the fine old Norman church that is its chief feature. Crockford is justly proud of its church, and spends a good deal of money on its restoration and preservation, and also on the choir, which certainly does it credit, and the result

is a large influx of visitors from neighbouring parishes, and overflowing congregations.

I first presented myself there on a Sunday evening at the beginning of August, and being early was allotted a good seat in the centre of the nave. I had ample time to look about me before the service began, and there was plenty in the noble architecture, the stained-glass windows and ancient oak carving to engage my attention. A number of heavy memorial tablets of various ages covered the walls on both sides, and presently, as my eye wandered over them, I was struck with a large blank space between two, which not only looked as if a tablet was wanted there to complete the symmetry, but as if one had actually been taken away. On the surface of the wall was a great irregular blotch of plaster, which, though it could scarcely be called new, was a good deal newer than the rest of the wall. It had been there for many years clearly, and the mark was not very apparent at first sight, but when once discovered kept forcing itself upon my notice. I could not in the least say why, but this mark troubled me. It grew to a regular blot and disfigurement at length, and my eye kept travelling to it, much in the same way as one's gaze *will* revert to the glass-eye or the scar or blemish of any afflicted person to whom one is talking, in spite of one's utmost efforts.

I was growing positively vexed with this tiresome blotch, when my attention was momentarily diverted by the entrance of an aged couple, a white-headed clergyman and his wife, who were passing up the aisle beside me. They were strangers evidently, for the verger went before them to direct them to a seat. The service was already commencing, and the church was full, but there was a vacant pew directly beneath my eye-sore, to which the verger beckoned them.

I was at the outside of the seat nearest, and as they approached, I saw the old lady suddenly cast a look up to the identical mark on the wall that was so vexing me, and her face suddenly changed. She clutched her husband's arm convulsively, and I heard her

whisper, "Not there! Oh, not there!" in eager, frightened tones. The old clergyman also cast his eyes up to the wall, started and hesitated, but the verger whispered that the church was full, that he could not be sure of finding them a seat elsewhere, and the Rector now beginning the opening sentence of the service, the old couple, with manifest reluctance, yielded and took their places at the extreme end of the pew.

I fear I must plead most utter disregard to the service that evening. The really excellent music, and the Rector's fine and manly voice both failed to rouse me. Even the curate's exasperating monotone drawl did not irritate me as it undoubtedly would have otherwise done. My attention was equally divided between the blot on the wall and the aged couple beneath, and my gaze alternated from one to the other in a way that was a trouble to myself and must have been a scandal to my neighbours. Not that there was anything particularly interesting about the old parson and his wife, but I quickly observed that *their* eyes were turned from time to time upon that mysterious blemish that was so irresistibly claiming my attention. What there was in it so to attract us I utterly failed to understand, and the rest of the congregation seemed to take no notice of it whatever; but certain it was, that whenever I glanced across at the pair, one or both of them had their looks fixed sideways above them, and the old lady's sweet face was pale and frightened. Perceiving this I too would again and again raise my eyes, to see nothing but that ugly blotch which burnt itself into my brain with such fiendish insistence.

It was the beginning of August, as I have said before, and the weather for the last few days had been extremely warm. At midday it became particularly hot and sultry, and as the afternoon advanced, great dun-coloured clouds began piling themselves up the sky. One did not need to be weather-wise to prophesy thunder, and while we were in church the storm rapidly gathered. It grew so dark that the gas was lighted in the chancel, and presently low distant rumbling began to mingle with the notes of the organ. The old



"I HEARD HER WHISPER—'NOT THERE!'"

lady, I could see, got whiter and more nervous, and clung to her husband as the storm approached.

A bright flash of lightning announced the Rector's arrival in the pulpit, and he waited for the accompanying sharp rattle of thunder to echo away before he gave out his text—Second Book of Samuel, 12th chapter and 7th verse—"Thou art the man." It was no very singular text to choose, for that chapter had formed the first lesson of that evening; but the old lady suddenly threw up her head, uttered a piercing shriek and fell back in a dead faint.

Of course there was a little sensation.

I was the nearest at hand, and with the verger's assistance carried the poor woman into the porch, where she presently came to. The old husband was in great distress.

"I had no right to have brought her," he kept repeating; "I told her she had better not, but she would come!"

It was raining hard, but I succeeded in getting them a fly, and saw them safely started on their way home to the next village, where they were staying. The clergyman was profuse in his thanks.

"If you knew the story you would not be surprised at my poor wife's be-

haviour," he said, as they started. "If we ever meet again, I must tell you."

Needless to say, I went home to my hotel that evening with my curiosity much whetted.

I had not long to wait. Two days later I was passing the church on my return from a long ramble, when I noticed the door was standing open, and remembering there was some curious old tomb within that I was anxious to examine, I left my sketching impedimenta in the porch and entered. I had scarcely crossed the threshold before I caught myself glancing in the direction of the mark on the wall, and there, standing beneath it, looking up at it, with his hands clasped behind him, stood the old clergyman.

He returned as he heard my footsteps, and, recognising me, came forward and shook hands, reiterating his thanks for the small assistance I had rendered. In reply to my enquiries, he told me his wife had quite recovered from the effects of her fainting fit.

"She is very nervous—very nervous," he said; "I ought never to have brought her," but he showed no disposition to enter into his promised explanations, and commenced pointing out the special features of the church, with which he seemed quite familiar, till, to jog his memory, I remarked, pointing to it—

"That is rather a curious mark on the wall, sir; I was noticing it last Sunday evening."

"Yes, and there is a curious story attaching to it," he answered; "have you not been told it?"

"No, indeed!"

"Well, I ought to be getting back," he said, glancing at his watch, "and it is a long tale; but if you care to accompany me a little way —"

Naturally I did care, and, pacing slowly side by side along the country lanes, he told me the following story.

"Fifty-five years ago," he said, "I was appointed curate to this very parish of Crockford. I was a young man then, and it was my first curacy. My Rector was a most delightful old man, and was very kind to me; I went to look at his tomb to-day. There have been three Rectors since his death. The church has been altered too; they have reseated it for one

thing, but in my time there was nothing but great square box-pews with doors and fusty cushions. Where I sat on Sunday night was Squire Tarrant's pew, which was the biggest of all, for the Squire was the greatest man in the neighbourhood, and lived in the big house on the hill there, called the Park.

"If ever there was a bad man in this world it was the old Squire. He was utterly selfish and heartless, he was hard as flint, mean and cruel and brutal, he ground down his starving tenants to the utmost farthing, he was quick to anger, his temper was furious, and he never forgave. He disinherited his only son for some trifling dispute and turned him out of the house, and he treated his poor wife worse than a dog. He used to bring her with him twice every Sunday to church, for he was a strict church-goer and most rigorous in his observances, and my heart used to bleed for the crushed, faded woman who crouched beside him, never raising her eyes from her book, and fearing to call even her soul her own. It was reported that her husband used to beat her; and I could well imagine it, while believing that physical ill-usage was perhaps the least of the insults she endured.

"The Squire was a terrible thorn in the flesh to my old Rector, who hated the man yet the more because he covered his sins with a gloss of religion. His constant presence at the services even seemed like desecration to the worthy parson, who, however, could do nothing to interfere, the Squire being his patron and churchwarden, and having considerably more than a finger in every parochial pie.

"One morning, after I had been in Crockford about half a year, the village was thrown into excitement by the news that Mrs. Tarrant had disappeared. Search was made, and eventually the poor woman's body was found at the bottom of the fish-pond in the park. Of course there was a great sensation in the neighbourhood. The Squire was an influential man, and the verdict at the inquest was 'Suicide during temporary insanity'; but there were not wanting many and dark rumours that the Squire had murdered his wife. Popular

feeling ran very high, and shortly afterwards the Squire was set upon as he was riding home in the dark, and but for a heavy riding-whip and a fleet horse would have fared badly at the hands of his infuriated assailants.

"As if in defiance of public opinion, the obsequies of the unfortunate lady were conducted with a pomp and magnificence unequalled even in those days of splendid funerals. The widower's grief was inconsolable, and he seemed unable to do enough to show his affection for the woman he had killed, for whether guilty of foul play or not, he was, at any rate, directly responsible for her death. Not content with lavish expenditure at the burial and a gigantic marble tombstone on her grave, he placed in the church, directly over the family pew, a peculiarly elaborate and pretentious memorial tablet. It was of black marble, with a white figure and urn upon it in relief; it was of unusual size and massiveness, by far the biggest in the church, and the long inscription enlarged in elegant language upon the merits of the deceased and the grief of the bereaved husband.

"My old Rector was almost beside himself with righteous indignation when he first read it.

"*'The hypocritical scoundrel!'* he cried; *'it's enough to make his poor wife rise from her grave!'* But he was powerless to interfere, so the tablet was erected, and the Squire smiled complacently at it twice every Sunday as he took his seat beneath it.

"Poor Mrs. Tarrant had been dead barely six months when it was rumoured round the parish that the Squire was thinking of marrying again—that he was actually paying court to the sweetest and prettiest girl in the neighbourhood, Captain Morrison's daughter. When this report first reached my ears I smiled in scornful amusement. I flattered myself that I knew more about Amy Morrison's love affairs than any one else in the world, for had she not promised to be my wife? It was in the old church that I had first seen Amy, when I preached my first sermon; it was there that we had since frequently met, and it was there, while we were decorating for Whitsuntide, that I had declared

my love. We were both very young, and I, at least, was very poor, so we agreed that our engagement should be kept a secret until such time as my position and prospects should justify me in openly claiming her at the hands of her father. She had promised to wait for me, and I had implicit faith in her constancy. So I laughed the idle rumours to scorn.

"But days and weeks went by and I did not meet my love. We had to exercise caution in our meetings; still, we had contrived to see each other fairly frequently up till now, and now she seemed purposely avoiding me. The rumours of her being wooed by the Squire grew louder and greeted me on every hand, and twice in one week did I see the man riding out of the Captain's gate. I was determined to obtain an explanation, and at length succeeded in waylaying Amy in this very lane we are now in. Yes, it was on that very stile that she leant and buried her face when I demanded why she had thus avoided me.

"*'Amy,'* I cried, *'what is the meaning of this? Why do you treat me in this way? It is reported all over the village that that villain, Squire Tarrant, is making love to you. It cannot be that you are accepting his addresses! I will never believe it; but why this alteration towards me?'*

"Her only answer was such a violent burst of sobs and tears that I was frightened and cried—

"*'Oh, my love! Is that scoundrel persecuting you and making you wretched? For if so I'll wring his neck!'*

"*'Oh, George,'* she sobbed, *'I am engaged to marry him!'*

"I could scarcely believe my ears, but little by little the pitiful tale came out. It was the old story of the daughter sacrificing herself for the sake of her parents. Captain Morrison was a weak and selfish man; his wife, a querulous invalid, was no better. In hopes of adding to his slender fortune, he had speculated and failed; tried again, and lost his all. In a few weeks, unless he could meet his creditors, he must become bankrupt and his home be sold up. But there was worse, far worse,



"I AM ENGAGED TO MARRY HIM"

than this. In his last desperate venture he had invested not only his own money, but that which was under his charge as treasurer of a large charity in the neighbouring town. This also was lost. The Squire, as one of the managers, had discovered the fraud, and now threatened him with exposure and the terrors of the law. Captain Morrison need look for no pity at the hands of the hard-hearted Squire, but there was one escape open to him. The shameless old reprobate had been fascinated by the sweet and youthful charms of the Captain's daughter, he desired her for his own, and in a stormy interview

he had told her father that if he obtained Amy's hand he was willing to condone his crime, and advance him sufficient ready money to tide over his difficulties. If not, then Captain Morrison must abide the consequences and would expect no mercy. The wretched father had come and begged to his daughter, and she had yielded. I found her quite firm in her resolution; no expostulations of mine could change her. She was entering into this terrible alliance with her eyes open; she knew what was before her, but she would sacrifice herself to save her family.

"No words can describe my misery

during the days that followed. I was beside myself with impotent rage and horror. To think that my sweet girl was about to throw herself away upon that scoundrel, that villain, that murderer, that her own father and mother were urging her to the deed, and that I, her lover, should stand by and see it done! The thought was maddening! I could not sleep, I could not eat, I went about my duties like one possessed. For the time being I was a lunatic. One day I made a frenzied appeal to Captain Morrison, that was interrupted by his daughter, and only ended in tears on Amy's part, and utter loss of self-control on mine. I was barely restrained from bearding the lion in his den and attacking the Squire himself, by the sickening certainty that the only result would be further misery to my poor little girl.

"My one relief was to go up in the evening to the Rectory, and pour out my sorrow to the old Rector. He was very patient with me as I raged up and down his little study, and he was nearly as indignant as I was, at this, the Squire's latest and blackest enormity. 'Come what will, I will not marry him!' he said; but he was forced to read the banns, and I could tell from the way he did it that the words stuck in his throat.

"The Squire was in a hurry, and the preparations for the hideous ceremony were pushed on apace. The day fixed, I remember well, was Tuesday, the 6th of August, and the Sunday before, the Rector fell ill, and I had to take the whole duty for the day. At morning service I read the banns for 'the third and last time of asking,' in as firm a tone as I could command, but my voice sounded strange and hollow in my own ears. There was no sermon in the morning, but in the evening I was to preach.

"All that day I hardly knew what I was doing. I had not slept for nights, my brain was all in a whirl, my nerves were strung to their highest pitch, I moved and spoke as if in a dream. Not having expected to be called upon to preach that Sunday, I had prepared no sermon, and under ordinary circumstances I should have been considerably flustered

at so short a notice and have spent the afternoon in writing notes, but I was utterly incapable of concentrating my thoughts that day, and felt the sermon must shift for itself.

"There was an unusually large congregation that night for some reason, and many strangers from a distance. The Squire was there, of course, and he smiled more complacently than ever as he seated himself under his late wife's tablet. I caught the look he threw across to Amy as he shut the door of his pew, and I could have slain him then and there. Amy herself, with large mournful eyes and a face as white as her summer dress, reminded me more than ever of a lamb about to be sacrificed, or Jephthah's daughter going to her doom for her father's vow. I could scarcely control my voice, and the words in the Prayer Book swam before my eyes; still I struggled through the service somehow; but I give you my word of honour that as I mounted the pulpit steps I had no more idea of what I was going to preach about than the Squire, who settled himself in his corner with the mildly critical expression he always assumed during the sermon.

"It had been an intensely hot day that Sunday, I recollect, and in the evening we had a terrible thunderstorm. It lasted the greater part of the night, and did a great deal of damage, and it commenced with the first low growl as I entered the pulpit. From where I stood I could catch a glimpse out of a window of the stormy sky and the slowly massing clouds, coming up against the wind. There was that feeling of dull oppression, that always accompanies thunder in the air, an uneasy sense of something imminent, that seemed in some manner to chime in with my mood, and accentuate a presentiment that was forcing itself upon me that something, other than the storm, was about to happen.

"In a dream I reached the pulpit, and in a dream I opened the Bible on the desk. It opened at the parable of the ewe lamb; an idea seemed to strike me, and I gave out the text—'Thou art the man.'

"I believe I have the reputation of

being a fairly good preacher, but as far as eloquence was concerned, I preached that night as I have never preached before or since. Every word came straight from my heart. I thought of my own ewe lamb and painted the picture of the grief of the poor man bereaved of his one treasure, in such moving terms that I drew tears from some eyes. Then I turned to the character of the rich man, and all my pent-up wrath rose to my lips, and I described him as a mean and heartless sinner of the blackest dye.

"Certainly the Scripture record gave

me no justification for making him such a wicked man as I represented him ; but it was the Squire I was describing, and as I spoke I seemed to lose all knowledge of my surroundings, all recollection of my subject, all sense of my position ; for I thought of nothing but the burning wrong about to be committed upon my innocent darling, wrong that I was so powerless to prevent.

"Literally I was beside myself, and knew not what I said, for having wrought myself to the highest pitch of invective, I paused suddenly, and leant over the side of the pulpit, looked full



"HE WAS QUITE DEAD

at the Squire, pointed my hand to him, and said, 'Thou art the man!'

"Naturally there was a great sensation. The Squire flushed an angry red, and half started to his feet, then recollected himself and settled back in his seat with a haughty stare. Amy buried her face in her hands, and a low murmur, a sort of gasp of astonishment, ran round the church.

"What followed next I can never clearly remember. I know I broke forth in a torrent of words that seemed to burst from me without my own control. I had no recollection afterwards of what I said, but I was told subsequently that I assumed the *rôle* of prophet, and openly denouncing the Squire told him he would never accomplish his wicked purpose, that his time was come, and that retribution swift and sure was upon him. The congregation was horror-struck, believing I was mad, as indeed for the time being I was. The verger and one or two others had risen to their feet with an idea of removing me from the pulpit, when suddenly a terrific clap of thunder, following instantly upon a

most vivid flash of lightning, shook the church and drowned my frenzied eloquence.

"And as its echoes died away, another and a nearer crash followed in its train. All eyes were turned in an instant. The great memorial tablet to the Squire's wife had fallen from the wall, and the Squire himself lay crushed beneath the ruins.

"He was quite dead, for the largest fragment had fractured his skull. It was many weeks before I recovered from the shock, but immediately I could, I left Crockford, and, being soon afterwards appointed to a living in the north of England, married Amy, and settled down to what has been a peaceful and happy life. Neither she or I had ever revisited the church until two days ago.

"It is fifty-four years now since the Squire's death, and the event is almost forgotten, but when you remember the circumstances of last Sunday evening's service, you can hardly wonder at my wife's behaviour."

And I confessed I did not.



IN NOVEMBER.

HEIGH-HO ! there's fog in the town—
My throat and eyelids smart,
And the people seem to start
Like ghosts from a sea of brown.
There's many and many a frown,
And the smiles are far apart,
Heigh-ho ! there's fog in the town—
But not in my heart !

Where am I going to-day ?
Why is my spirit so gay ?
What is the music so ready to play
All through my blood as I battle my way,
Joyous as June and merry as May ?
Oh ! it's Love who is waiting for me, I say,
Where I am going to-day.

I'll come to her home at last,
Half-blinded and hoarse and cold,
A sorry sight for my Sweet, my Sweet,
My beautiful One.
And yet will her arms be cast
About me ; and I shall hold
Her near, and look on her face and meet
The light of the Sun.

Heigh-ho ! for her hair's bright brown,
And her dear grey eyes, and her lips that part !
Heigh-ho ! there's fog in the town—
But not—oh ! not in my heart !

J. J. BELL.



ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS KIGHT



STRANGERS when first introduced to Cyrus Square found it impossible to believe that the shabby, insignificant looking man before them was the Colossus of finance, with whose doings the newspapers had so familiarised them.

All doubt of Square's identity would have disappeared, however, had they been able to watch him in his elaborate sound-proof office, where, surrounded by telephones, speaking tubes and bells, he was enabled to enact the "Vampire" of the financial world with all the strength and energy of a perfectly trained intellect.

Hated by some, feared by all, and trusted by none, he gloried in the power that his enormous wealth gave him, and used it remorselessly to crush all rivals. The market yet remembered the great Gold Corner into which he had somewhat incautiously been drawn, and from which it was thought by all that he would find it impossible to extricate

himself. Young men yet tell how he by incredible treachery ruined every one of his partners in that great deal and emerged triumphant and unscathed.

His one regret, as he sat one morning awaiting his only son, was that he, the future inheritor of all the amassed millions, each of which represented the spoils of innumerable victims, was utterly indifferent to the great game of finance.

And now the boy was of age and was to be portioned like every other millionaire's son. Square sighed—a rare thing for him—and then "Come in!" he shouted, as a knock sounded on the door. A youth entered, dressed in the extreme of New York fashion and with a vacuous look on his face which gave his father an unwonted pang, as for an instant he allowed himself to see into the future.

Waving his hand, Square pointed to a chair, and the young man, carefully pulling up his trouser legs, sat down and meditatively sucked the end of his cane.

"I don't see much of you, Robert," the father began, "so, as to-day is your birthday, I sent for you to inform you as to your future prospects. I find that you have drawn on me during the last week for a hundred thousand dollars, and although I ain't more curious than most fathers, still I'd like to know where the



"I DON'T SEE MUCH OF YOU, ROBERT"

money's gone. Anyway, I have put a million dollars to your credit at the West Central Bank, and you can have your fling on that. When that's gone I hope you'll turn to and help me a little, although I'm afraid you're no good in my line."

His son gazed at him still with the same semi-idiotic expression on his face.

"I've been doing a bit of speculating on my own, Dad," he said at length, "and I want you to help me."

"There! there! boy, I haven't time for playing round; ask Hitchens, my chief clerk, to help you," Square said, impatiently eager to terminate the interview. His son rose and went to the door and opened it, and then closing it again gently, said:

"I daren't, Dad! that's the solid truth. I wonder if I dare trust *you*?" He looked anxiously at his father.

Square laughed—a laugh born of intense mental amusement, and he loved his son at that moment better than ever he had before.

"Well," he replied blandly, "as at present you have nothing but what I have given you—I think you can!"

"Now Dad." Gone was the vacuous look—gone was the drawling speech,

and the keen, eager man of business or fraud stood revealed. "I ain't the fool you take me for—not much, and so you'll find. Don't interrupt me, but say yes or no when I've finished!"

Square stared, whilst a stern joy pervaded him at this undreamt of revelation of character.

"Of course you know, Dad, how the present row between our people and Spain has come about, and you, I guess, think that neither side means business. It's just there that you'll be left if you don't look out. When young Dalby cornered wheat he as nearly as possible got fixed up for good, and he was at his wits' end to know how he was to get out. To my certain knowledge he has spent half a million dollars in the Yellow Press during the last month, and he succeeded so far that a war craze set in and up went wheat. So far good; but the country has got fairly roused, and 'fight they will, you mark my words, and Dalby nor fifty Dalbys won't choke them off. He's devilish sorry about it, but it was neck or nothing with him and he had to come out on top. From certain information I have—well paid for too—I know the Executive mean business, and I've found out

what their first move is to be. Rear-Admiral Bulger, with his squadron now at Hong-Kong, is to attack the Spanish fleet at Manila and thus get in the first blow. Our other fleet will blockade Cuba and watch on events. I've bought, too, the Navy cipher, and now I want to get back my own again and perhaps a bit more. Bulger *must* wipe out the Spanish, for his fleet is infinitely the heavier both in metal and in tonnage, so that's all right. Bulger hates and loathes the cable and all its works, and you bet he won't worry about the rest of the world whilst he is doing *his* little bit; that will be my business!

"I have the option on a tramp collier steamer, now lying at 'Frisco, and I can put my hand on a man who for fifty thousand dollars will break every commandment in the Decalogue. That collier will go for all she is worth to Hong-Kong and will wait there for the war to break out. She will have on board machinery for grappling with and working the single cable from Manila to the British port, and when Bulger has chewed up the Don's fleet, as he is bound to do—why then our Executive will get a cablegram purporting to be from him, stating the reverse. Down will go stocks with a run and there'll be some bargains, Dad, to pick up, if only a man with millions behind him and a head on his shoulders is knocking around! Is it good enough for you to take a hand in?"

Cyrus Square's acquaintance with Holy Writ was not extensive, but his "Nunc Dimittis" was, although hardly canonical, emphatic enough in its way.

"By God!—I've lived and I've enjoyed my life, but when my time comes I know that you'll be a bigger man than I am, Robert! Take a hand—aye, that I will, and I'll so work it that neither you or I will ever get traced in the matter.

"Will I take a hand in the primeest, most cunning deal of the century? Will I help my own son to half-ruin every man on 'Change and treble, nay, quadruple my fortune? Yes, that I will!" His voice rang shrill and he chuckled with intense merriment.

Half-an-hour later, amidst the half-concealed mirth of the typewriters and

clerks, Robert Square, thoughtfully sucking an unlighted cigar, strolled gently out of the building whilst the wires worked and the needles clicked in the tiny room above, where his father sat brooding over the vast spoils awaiting him.

PART II.

It was a month later, and the American Squadron lay apparently lifeless in the harbour at Hong-Kong. The junior officers of the British ships spent all their available time off duty fraternising with their comrades of another service, and in envying them their chance. The Squadron was one to be proud of, consisting as it did of five cruisers—equally armed and of equal tonnage and stripped to their fighting shells. Every scrap of unnecessary wood, every luxurious fitting had been sent on shore, and Bulger waited impatiently for the order to strike and strike hard.

One hot morning the longed-for cablegram came, telling him that war was declared, and that he might "let slip the dogs of war." In a few minutes orderly bustle and confusion prevailed on every ship, whilst the engineers below prepared to get up steam.

Suddenly a boat shot out from the shore with the British ensign trailing astern, and in a few moments she was run alongside Bulger's flagship. The British Admiral's flag-lieutenant boarded the U.S. ship and saluted the American Commander.

"My orders, Sir, are to hand you the notice in this paper, and to inform you that in twenty-four hours you must leave this port." Then, breaking into an irrepressible sigh, he exclaimed, "We all envy you, Sir," and then shaking hands cordially he returned to his boat and was rowed rapidly ashore.

"Ship on the port bow!" sang out the "look-out" on the flagship some hours later, when the China coast was fast disappearing from sight.

In an instant telescopes were levelled at the stranger, which appeared to be heading straight for the fleet. In a few minutes she signalled "I want to speak to the Admiral—will come on board."

The whole fleet came slowly to a

standstill, whilst a boat was lowered from the collier.

"Are you Admiral Bulger?" asked presently a quiet-looking naval man of the great Commander.

"Yes, what do you want?"

"Wal, I've got in that ship a matter of a thousand tons of coal, and I hope to do a trade with you. I guess you're on business now, and so am I. May I hang on to the fleet? I steam fifteen knots."

Bulger reddened with pleasure, for the coal might be of priceless worth later on, and hence every one was satisfied when way was once more got on the fleet, and "Full steam ahead for Manila" was the cry, with the collier plunging along in their wake.

A council of war was summoned on the flagship, when, from the fighting tops, the island could be discerned as a faint line on the horizon, and the captain of the collier was signalled to be in attendance. At the conclusion he was sent for, and cap in hand he stood awaiting his orders.

"Captain," said the Admiral, "we are about to rush the forts at Cavite, and then to destroy the Spanish fleet, which we believe is lying under their guns. It is a big job, and in all probability will take us some time. Now you must for the present act as a scout, and I have been discussing whether we should put an officer on board of your ship to act for us, but we have decided not to. You will come as close as possible to the entrance to the bay, lie off and wait until we want you. We have bought your coal, so you will lose nothing by so doing."

Captain Hanks replied, "Very well, Sir, you will find me when you want me. I guess I'll get away to my ship now. Good luck, sir!"

He gravely saluted and went off to his ship, with the halo of the Stars and Stripes upon him, and at once mustered his crew.

"My lads! a very responsible position has been given to me; we are to lie-to and wait until the Admiral wants us, and in the meantime grapple for and cut the cable, and secure the end so as to give him a free hand. It's trying work, grappling, but there will be double pay for all hands."

The delighted crew burst into a rousing cheer, which Hanks with a grim chuckle acknowledged and then went below to pore over his cable chart. All that night he groped for the cable, trailing up and down over its bed until just at daybreak a cheer from the men told him that success had come. Great drops of sweat stood out on his brow—for was not wealth to be his reward.

A stillness as of death hung over the air as the slimy salt-encrusted cable was hauled up, and Hanks, trembling with excitement, could hardly refrain from shouting in his glee. The sea fortunately was smooth as a pond, rendering the task of holding on to the frail strand less risky than it would have otherwise been, and every one eagerly waited for the sounds of firing.

The dawn broke suddenly and daylight succeeded darkness; a change at once followed by the boom of heavy guns. Hanks gave a signal and the cut shore end of the cable flew over the side, striking up the foam as it fell with a heavy plunge into the sea. The cannonading grew heavier and heavier, and the excitement on board grew greater and greater.

At ten o'clock the noise ceased and the Captain connecting a wire to the end of the cable still on board disappeared below, and soon the rythmical tick-tack of a telegraphic instrument might have been heard proceeding from the cabin. In an hour Hanks reappeared, and piping all hands thus addressed the crew:

"My lads! by an arrangement with the Admiral, it was agreed that unless a message reached us out here by one of the despatch boats by ten o'clock, we were to understand that he had gained a glorious victory for the Old Country, and I have wired off to Hong-Kong to that effect. Hip! Hip! Hip! Hurrah!"

The cheers pealed out over the smooth water, and men congratulated each other with all the emotion of an excitable race.

"Now lads! let go the cable—that's it; now let the Dons do what they will, ~~we~~ we are all right! The Admiral, at all events, will have a free hand!"

Away went the other end, and Hanks breathed freely once more.

"Now over with all the grappling irons and all the kit," he shouted, "if we are caught by a Don's cruiser it would go hard with us—over with all of it!"

The crew worked with a will, and in half-an-hour every appliance necessary for a repetition of the performance just concluded had sunk far beneath the water, and Hanks wiped his forehead and gave vent to a sigh that seemed to come from his soul, so deep was it. The strain had been tremendous whilst it lasted, and overcome by the heat and the excitement he left the deck in charge of the first mate and went once more to his cabin. He was just mixing himself a long drink when the second mate opened the door and coolly entered without a word of explanation.

"Now then, Mr. Tibbitts—what the X.Y.Z. do you want here?" he angrily asked; for Hanks, although a rogue of the first water, kept strict discipline on any ship on which he served.

"Come, Captain—I wasn't a telegraph boy for nothing, and I heard a good deal more as I stood outside your cabin door than you intended me to. It'll cost you ten thousand dollars to get quit of me!"

Like lightning Hanks reached for his revolver, and both men fired almost simultaneously. The second mate fell in a heap over the table, whilst the Captain, pumping blood up in great mouthfuls, sank back in his chair shot through the lungs. At sound of the shots men hurried to the cabin, but only to find both men dead.



"FELL IN A HEAP OVER THE TABLE"

Contents-bill of *New York Herald*,
May 8th, 1898.—

**BULGER'S ATTEMPT ON MANILA!
THREADING HIS WAY THROUGH THE
CHANNEL!**

**AWFUL CALAMITY!
FOUR SHIPS BLOWN UP!
HE HOLDS HIS OWN!**

Extract from *New York Herald*, May
8th, 1898:—

"Admiral Bulger to Secretary of
State.

"Pacific Squadron.

"I arrived off Manila last night, and
at daybreak this morning entered the
channel intending to fight the Spanish
fleet, which had run under cover of
forts.

"Forts opened fire, but without any
damage to us, as their guns were badly
served. I deeply regret to have to
inform you that the "St. Louis," "St.
Denis," the "Grant," and the
"Columbia" were blown up by sub-
marine mines and almost all on board
killed or drowned. A mine exploded near
the flagship, but did no harm.

"I can hold my own for a time, send
help as soon as you can or all is lost.—
Bulger.

"The excitement on Wall Street on
the news of this terrible disaster was
tremendous. For a time men went
nearly mad with panic, and prices
tumbled to unprecedented figures. A
mad rush was made to the Naval
Department by excited dealers, but the
ominous news of 'Cable cut' was all
the comfort to be got in that direction.
Nothing seemed able to stay the rot
that set in even in the gilt-edged
securities, and there were but few
buyers. It was reported that some men,
supposed to be Cyrus Square's *entour-
age*, were quietly snapping up great
parcels of stocks, and this made timorous
holders the more anxious to be clear, as
the wolf and the lamb do not lie down
together.

"A feeling of intense grief pervades
the States. Outside Wall Street sombre
resentment and a stern longing for
revenge seem universal; there is no
excitement in the country at large, but
a quiet, earnest resolve to carry the war
through at all costs. Etc., etc., etc."

Contents-bill of *New York Herald*,
May 11th, 1898.—

**GLORIOUS VICTORY OF ADMIRAL
BULGER!**

**SPANISH FLEET COMPLETELY
DESTROYED!**

**FORTS DISMANTLED. OUR SHIPS
UNINJURED!**

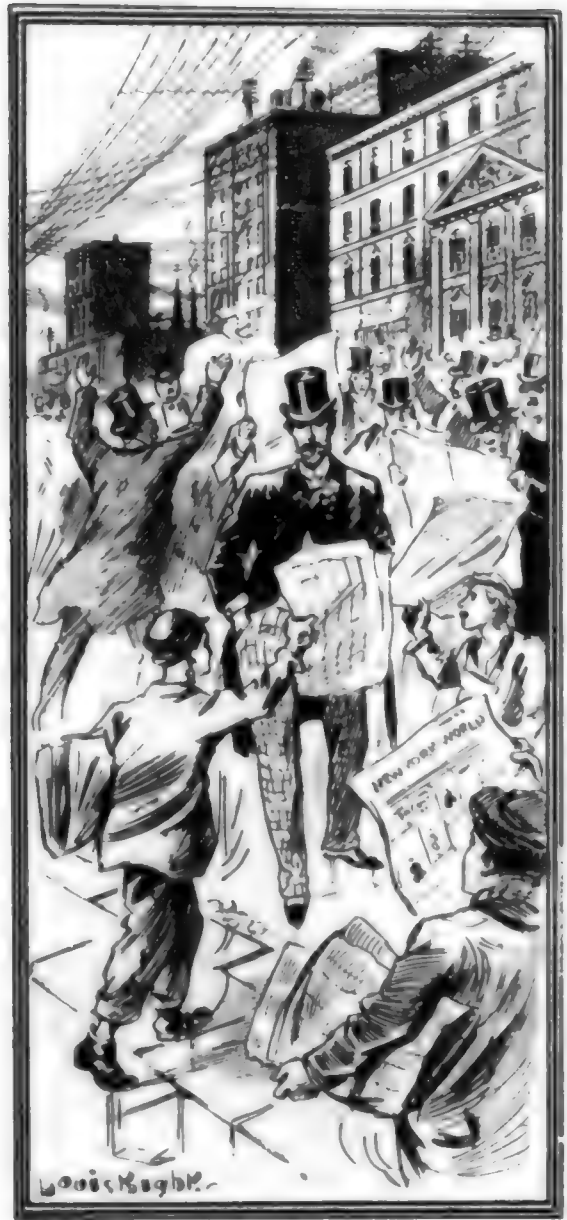
**NO LOSS OF LIFE ON OUR SIDE!
PREVIOUS TELEGRAM A FRAUD!**

WHO DID IT?

HIP! HIP! HIP! HURRAH!

Etc., etc., etc.

And they say Cyrus Square is going
to endow a University to rival Oxford,
and in this way make the Old Country
take a back seat.—Quien Sabe?



"THE EXCITEMENT ON WALL STREET WAS TREMENDOUS".

Mechanical Puzzles

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES SCOTT



INGENUITY of an ordinary kind is always interesting, but when it takes the form of mechanical puzzles it becomes more so. This may be accounted for, I suppose, by the reason that more skill is required to devise a puzzle than is needed in the display of other forms of ingenuity. A puzzle, to deserve attention, must be so constructed as to defy even the closest examination; and, whilst easily separating when undone in the proper manner, must appear to the casual manipulator as a solid article, which seems to require violent treatment before its parts will yield.

For some time I have interested myself in the collection of information relating to puzzles made of wood—a material which, on account of its ex-

treme suitability for the purpose, is almost always employed in this connection.

A neat and unassuming kind of puzzle is that shown in No. 1. It consists, apparently, of merely a painted ball; and to the uninitiated it is a very difficult matter to hit on its secret. When told that it contains snuff, the inquisitive person examining it may begin endeavouring to pull it apart. If a little finger be pressed on a particular flower-centre, however, there slides out from one portion of the ball a small cylindrical box, as depicted. A drawing is given, portraying the appearance which would be presented were the ball cut into halves along the middle of the snuff-box.

The cigar-cabinet illustrated in No. 2 would be too tantalising an article to most people for use in the direction



A GLOBULAR SNUFF BOX

implied by its name; but as a clever device it would be worth the attention of the smoker.

I can best explain its construction by supposing that we are about to close the article. It may be seen opened in the upper part of the illustration.

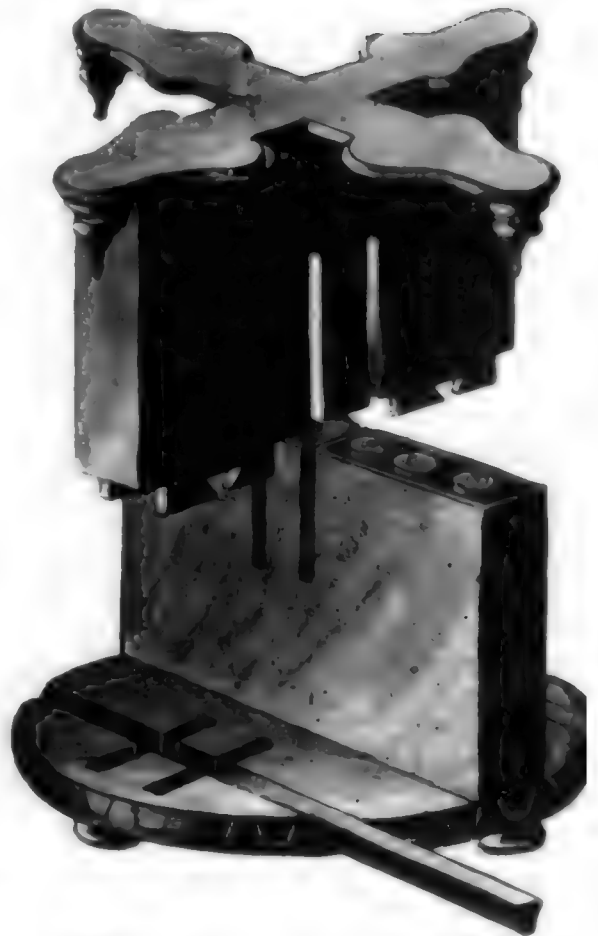
The top case would be pushed down over the lower case, the arrangement of the slits in both portions of the cabinet permitting this to be done very easily.

The dovetails in the bottom edges of the upper case would then fit into the smaller grooves in the base-board. A longer groove crosses each pair of smaller ones at right angles, and within each long groove slides a "dovetail" rod. When these rods are pushed flush with the base-board, they slide through the projecting dovetails of the upper case, and thus prevent it from being withdrawn upwards. The graining of the wood conceals the beautifully neat joints in the base-board.

The vase illustrated in No. 3 is a genuinely ingenious device. Its mechanism is too complicated to be fully described here, but the principle of its action may be stated. To all appearance it is only an ordinary-looking vase composed of wood. When asked to alter its shape, the person who has been requested to perform that apparently impossible task stares inquiringly at the demand. It is, however, really capable of being transformed into the extremely different kind of receptacle shown in the lower half of No. 3.

In order to accomplish so curious a result, a slight turn is given to the neck of the vase, and then a black lead pencil, or a pen, thrust through a small hole in the hollow of the neck. When this has been done, the pencil may be regarded as completing, with the assistance of the internal mechanism, a kind of umbrella, the pencil performing the function of an umbrella stick. By pushing the pencil still further downward, the fluted portion of the vase opens out like an inverted "gamp," and the neck is simultaneously released, and will subsequently form the bottom of the bowl.

For the purpose of conveying as clear an understanding of this clever invention as possible, I may state that when



A CIGAR CABINET

the article is in the condition shown in the upper half of the illustration, there is behind each slit (which divides every pair of ridges, or outer ribs) a hidden curved rib, the whole number of hidden ribs forming a second, and concealed,

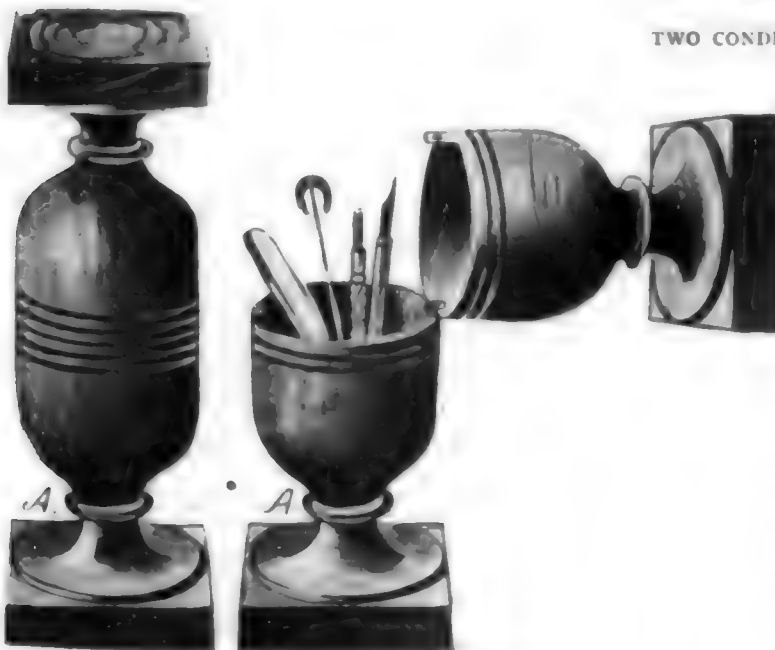
bowl within the vase. Consequently, as the outer ridges open umbrella-fashion, the inner ones, which are very thin, fill up the spaces between them, thus preventing the bowl from being a mere contrivance of open-work.

It is a relief for me to describe the construction of the puzzle No. 4, on account of its being quite easily done. The contrivance resembles a stoutly-turned pillar, composed of a pair of eggcup-shaped halves hinged together. The solution is effected by turning the lower rim A (in the stem of the egg-cup, as it were), whereupon an inner metal rod, bent to conform to the interior shape of the egg-cup, has its top end released from a catch which is fitted to the top inverted egg-cup. Although apparently but a simple idea, it is a long time before a person handling the device hits upon its secret, and in many cases the manipulator quite fails to discover it.

The cross puzzle is a picturesque emblem of the connection between the "cross" and the "corner stone of the temple." Regarded purely as a mechanical device, it deserves our admiration. If the protruding stick shown in the cross occupying the upper portion of the illustration No. 5 were pushed in flush with the edge of the puzzle, there would be no sign of its existence,



TWO CONDITIONS OF THE SAME VASE



A DECEPTIVE-TURNED PILLAR

inasmuch as a diamond pattern runs completely round the edge of the cross, and thus conceals the key-stick, which, it will be noticed, is diamond-shaped at its end.

This is a somewhat difficult contrivance to describe, but I will do my best. There are two crosses, both of which slide together so as to form a seemingly single object. The lower cross is kept in position by means of a long dovetail, which fits



A CONVERTIBLE CROSS

within a groove cut along the top cross. When both crosses cover each other completely, there may be detected a diamond-shaped groove running along the arms of the complete cross, so that a V groove traverses the lower cross, and an inverted V groove—so Λ —in the upper cross meets it. When the key-stick is slid into this combined groove, it is quite impossible to slide the two crosses apart.

The upper cross is composed of six square pieces so hinged as to admit of their being folded to form a cube, which is held in that form by means of minute mechanism, to describe which would only result in tedious reading. The upper cross, inverted and partially folded, is shown in No. 5.

It may be mentioned that instead of the edges of the complete twin-cross being level as shown, it is V'd, as explained by the central small diagram; but I have shown the edges straight, to avoid confusion in my description.

The peculiar-looking hand contri-

vance, No. 6, was emphatically described as a fraudulent puzzle by the group of people to whose notice it was brought during my presence. It is, nevertheless, a very clever affair, and worth our attention. Briefly, the hand consists of several separate joints, capable of being moved along needles. The ends of the joints are concave or convex, as the case may be, in order to avoid revolving round the needles, when the hand is in its condition resembling that of a human being's. The needles are removable objects, and the puzzle was as follows:—

All the joints were pressed down into position to form a model of a hand, in which case there remained a small portion of a needle projecting from the tip of each finger and the thumb. The prospective experimenter was requested to arrange the hand into the position of a partially-closed affair, without bending or



A TRICK PUZZLE

breaking the needles, which he could remove or not, as desired. Of course, that seemed quite an impossibility, as without these supports the joints would naturally fall out of place. Nor could the fingers be bent without bending or breaking the needles. But when the inventor gave a practical demonstration of the solution, it was admitted that, if a fraud, the device was still a curious and clever thing. He

quietly drew a glove from his pocket, and gently pressed it over the model, as he would have done over his own hand. When the glove had been completely fitted into position, it was an easy matter to withdraw the needles, the ends of which, of course, protruded through the glove. As it was impossible then for the joints to fall apart, it was a comparatively easy matter to bend the fingers and thumb as required.





WRITTEN BY MARY FERMOR. ILLUSTRATED BY MONTAGUE BARSTOW

“**Y**ES, there's no doubt you've grown better looking, and developed into quite a smart man about town, but, on the whole, I think I liked you better as you were!”

The speaker was a girl of twenty, with a merry, good-tempered face and a figure whose outlines were painfully contorted by the badly-fitting clothes she was wearing, which both for cut and quality suggested all that is implied by “cheap and nasty.”

Her much qualified praise was addressed to a tall, well-got-up man, some six years her senior, who distinctly showed signs of embarrassment as he glanced from his own faultless attire to her hopeless dowdy appearance.

Kittie Stanfold and Ronald Whitmarsh had been brought up together and had now unexpectedly come across each other in Piccadilly after a separation of more than five years. Her parents had died when she was almost a baby, and her guardian, a cross-grained, parsimonious uncle, had sent her, when only four years old, to Ronald's father and mother, a poor country parson and

his wife, who were only too glad of any little increase to their very limited means.

Kittie had soon become the pet and plaything of the house, and after an outbreak of scarlet fever had carried off three of their own little ones, the rector and Mrs. Whitmarsh clung to her more and more. Ronald had always looked upon her as his especial property. It was to Kittie that he always showed his birds' eggs and butterflies first of all, and when he was at the Grammar School she was the recipient of various confidences which did not reach his parents' ears.

Now the old rector and his wife were dead, Ronald had been fighting his way in London, and Kittie's uncle had grudgingly offered her a home.

“What brings you to town?” asked Ronald as they walked along. She, radiant and delighted; he devoutly wishing he had met her in a less fashionable locality, or at least out of the season.

“Uncle came up to tackle his lawyer, who he thinks has been robbing him, more than usual, as he says. He's

horribly mean, you know, and haggles over every penny he spends."

"That's rather hard on you, Kit," he said compassionately.

"Yes, it is. I feel it more now that we're in London and I see all the pretty things that other girls have," she said

"Oh, Ronnie! How lovely! Are you really writing a play? I think your books and articles are splendid! I have read every one I could get hold of, and all the papers speak of you as 'the talented young author.'"

Her genuine enthusiasm for himself,



"UNEXPECTEDLY CAME ACROSS EACH OTHER IN PICCADILLY"

with a mournful look at her shabby brown dress and the thick clumsy boots that would turn up at the toes.

"Poor little Kit, it is hard lines! You must come and have tea with me some day and I will read to you part of the new play I am writing."

made Ronald ashamed of his paltry vanity, and he made her promise to come to tea the very next day. He then saw her into an omnibus and went off to lunch with Lady St. Clair, feeling as if he had done something magnanimous.

Kittie arrived at his rooms in Russell Square punctually at four o'clock, having spent the morning in vain endeavours to make herself more presentable than she felt she had been the day before.

She put on her last new dress, made by the little country dressmaker who provided the servant maids and village girls with their Sunday frocks. It was black, that was one good thing, for it didn't look so conspicuous; but Kittie felt very doubtful as to whether Ronald would like it. It was too short in front, and she had not seen any one in London with sleeves made like hers. With a sigh she put some lace into the neck and cuffs, and combing her soft, fair hair into a glossy coil high upon her head she pinned on her sailor hat and turned away from the glass with a heavy heart and feelings the reverse of respectful towards her niggardly uncle.

Ronald was waiting for her, and gave her quite a hearty welcome. His rooms were luxuriously furnished and he had managed to collect a great many pretty things about him.

"How lovely everything is!" exclaimed Kittie after a tour of inspection. "It's different from your old den at home, isn't it?"

Kittie still spoke of the rectory as home, and Ronald liked to hear it.

"Yes, and it's different from what I had when I first came to town, I can tell you."

"Do you remember how you used to spout Shakespeare to me in the orchard, and declare that you were going to be the greatest actor of the day, and beat Tree and Irving and all the others out of the field?"

"Yes, I remember," he said laughing, "but unfortunately neither the public nor the managers were of my opinion, and as I did not feel inclined to starve for the sake of my unappreciated genius, I turned my attention to journalism. However, I find my short stage experiences very useful now that I am trying my hand at dramatic writing."

"I suppose you have a very jolly life, now that you are getting on so well. You go out a great deal and that sort of thing?" said Kittie rather wistfully.

"Oh, I get more invitations than I

want," he said with a lofty smile. "Of course as soon as a fellow gets a bit talked about, there are no end of vulgar, stupid people to run after him."

"But you know a lot of the 'smart' set, don't you? I've seen your name at Lady This and Lady That's receptions. The next thing we shall hear of will be your brilliant marriage!" she said jokingly, though her heart felt a little sore at the gulf which separated her from her old playmate.

"Not me!" he answered quickly, "unless, of course, I could marry money without sacrificing my self-respect. Women are so fearfully extravagant and go-ahead now-a-days. It takes a millionaire to keep a wife. And I've no intention of returning to poverty, if I can help it."

"Yet nearly all the great geniuses were poor when they did their best work," said Kittie, who was an ardent student of literature.

"Perhaps so. The starving poet may have been all very well when there was some generosity among literary men; but in these days of fierce competition and mean rivalry, when reviews have to be bought, either by hospitality or coin, a poor devil is soon elbowed out of the ranks!"

Kittie's eyes opened wider as this speech progressed, and after a pause, she said with a sigh,

"Well, you certainly know a great deal more about it than I do, but I see so much of the baneful effects of the love of money that I seem to hate the sound of it."

"It may sound sordid, but I've tried both, and I never found that anxiety as to when my next meal was to be proved a lofty source of inspiration, or that uncertainty as to how long I could keep a roof over my head lent any special brilliance to my pen."

Then seeing that she looked pained, he broke off into a laugh and rang the bell saying:—

"We're getting quite morbid! We'll have tea, and then you shall pass judgment on my latest venture, for I see you are a bit of a critic."

The tea was sumptuous in Kittie's eyes, and she laughingly remonstrated with him on his extravagance.

"I told uncle I had met you and was coming here to-day, in the hope that he would ask you to dinner—though I fear you would get very meagre fare; but when he heard that you were literary, he growled 'All scribblers are spend-thrifts—no good.'"

"Well, you may tell him that I am the soul of prudence, so much so that I have quite shaken your faith in my genius," said Ronald with a spice of his old boyish fun.

He took out his MS. and began to explain the plot to Kittie, who sat with parted lips and sparkling eyes, ready to enter heart and soul into his great work as she had been of old to receive his boyish confidences. He had only written the first two acts, and it all sounded very brilliant to her, and though there was a good deal that she did not understand, she prophesied all sorts of triumphs for him.

Her unstinted praise and unbounded faith in his powers made his heart warm more and more towards her, and when he took her home that evening he had made up his mind to try and enliven her stay in London by taking her to see some of the quieter sights where he was not likely to meet any of his smart friends.

Mr. Grant, Kittie's uncle, was quite agreeable to this proposal when he found it was not to cost him anything, and he even went so far as to give his niece ten shillings to spend as she liked!

A delightful fortnight followed. They went to the British Museum, the Tower, and the National Gallery, but when Kittie suggested the Park, Ronald always had some excuse to make, and at last it dawned upon her that it really was very good of him to take such a fright about at all, but to be seen in the Park with her was more than could be expected of him. She had bought a pretty little pair of shoes and some nice gloves with the money her uncle gave her, but, for the rest, her costume was hopeless.

The tears came into her eyes many a time when she felt the difference between her lot and that of most girls. She envied those who were clever and independent enough to earn their own living, but her education had been very

unpractical. Old Mr. Whitmarsh had taught her Latin, and satisfied her thirst for knowledge by answering most of her questions or giving her the best books from his library, but that was not the sort of thing wanted in these days of certificates and specialists.

"Ronald, do you think I could earn my own living when I am twenty-one?" she asked one day when they were walking home from a *matinée*.

"Whatever put that into your head, child? Your uncle has plenty of money, he ought to keep you, till you marry."

"I'm not likely to marry, and I hate living on him when I know he grudges everything he gives me. I would begin now, but he has forbidden me to leave him till I come of age, and as he's the only relation I have in the world, I don't want to quarrel with him till I'm obliged. It will come some day I know."

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"Oh, I would work night and day to be independent! And to work for you would be too lovely!"

As he watched her eager, animated face it occurred to him that Kittie was a very nice-looking girl, and if prettily dressed she would be able to hold her own with most others. He felt intensely sorry for her, and said kindly:—

"If you like I will send a machine down to Crofton for you to practise on. It's quite easy when you've just had a few hints to start you, and I know a girl who'll put you in the way before you go back."

Kittie's gratitude knew no bounds, and the prospect of learning to work for herself greatly softened the parting with Ronald when Mr. Grant's business in town was settled.

The type-writer proved the greatest boon to Kittie during the autumn and winter. Her uncle's only stipulation was that she should not burn any extra fire or light, so she wrapped herself up in an old fur cloak and worked while there was daylight. It was a red-letter

Kittie arrived at his rooms in Russell Square punctually at four o'clock, having spent the morning in vain endeavours to make herself more presentable than she felt she had been the day before.

She put on her last new dress, made by the little country dressmaker who provided the servant maids and village girls with their Sunday frocks. It was black, that was one good thing, for it didn't look so conspicuous; but Kittie felt very doubtful as to whether Ronald would like it. It was too short in front, and she had not seen any one in London with sleeves made like hers. With a sigh she put some lace into the neck and cuffs, and combing her soft, fair hair into a glossy coil high upon her head she pinned on her sailor hat and turned away from the glass with a heavy heart and feelings the reverse of respectful towards her niggardly uncle.

Ronald was waiting for her, and gave her quite a hearty welcome. His rooms were luxuriously furnished and he had managed to collect a great many pretty things about him.

"How lovely everything is!" exclaimed Kittie after a tour of inspection. "It's different from your old den at home, isn't it?"

Kittie still spoke of the rectory as home, and Ronald liked to hear it.

"Yes, and it's different from what I had when I first came to town, I can tell you."

"Do you remember how you used to spout Shakespeare to me in the orchard, and declare that you were going to be the greatest actor of the day, and beat Tree and Irving and all the others out of the field?"

"Yes, I remember," he said laughing, "but unfortunately neither the public nor the managers were of my opinion, and as I did not feel inclined to starve for the sake of my unappreciated genius, I turned my attention to journalism. However, I find my short stage experiences very useful now that I am trying my hand at dramatic writing."

"I suppose you have a very jolly life, now that you are getting on so well. You go out a great deal and that sort of thing?" said Kittie rather wistfully.

"Oh, I get more invitations than I

want," he said with a lofty smile. "Of course as soon as a fellow gets a bit talked about, there are no end of vulgar, stupid people to run after him."

"But you know a lot of the 'smart' set, don't you? I've seen your name at Lady This and Lady That's receptions. The next thing we shall hear of will be your brilliant marriage!" she said jokingly, though her heart felt a little sore at the gulf which separated her from her old playmate.

"Not me!" he answered quickly, "unless, of course, I could marry money without sacrificing my self-respect. Women are so fearfully extravagant and go-ahead now-a-days. It takes a millionaire to keep a wife. And I've no intention of returning to poverty, if I can help it."

"Yet nearly all the great geniuses were poor when they did their best work," said Kittie, who was an ardent student of literature.

"Perhaps so. The starving poet may have been all very well when there was some generosity among literary men; but in these days of fierce competition and mean rivalry, when reviews have to be bought, either by hospitality or coin, a poor devil is soon elbowed out of the ranks!"

Kittie's eyes opened wider as this speech progressed, and after a pause, she said with a sigh,

"Well, you certainly know a great deal more about it than I do, but I see so much of the baneful effects of the love of money that I seem to hate the sound of it."

"It may sound sordid, but I've tried both, and I never found that anxiety as to when my next meal was to be proved a lofty source of inspiration, or that uncertainty as to how long I could keep a roof over my head lent any special brilliance to my pen."

Then seeing that she looked pained, he broke off into a laugh and rang the bell saying:—

"We're getting quite morbid! We'll have tea, and then you shall pass judgment on my latest venture, for I see you are a bit of a critic."

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day for her when she received Ronald's first MS. to copy, accompanied by a kind little note warmly praising the rapid progress she had made.

The days and weeks flew by in her absorbing occupation, and Ronald filled all her thoughts. He had been so good to her. The idea of sharing his work, even in the humblest capacity, was her pride and happiness. She read every word of his with an interest quickened, not blinded, by the strength of her hero-worship, and it was with indescribable pain that she began, after a time, to see an indefinable falling-off in his work.

Ronald was not quite satisfied with

himself. Ever since Kittie's visit, he had had a disquieting suspicion that his present easy-going life was not the best for his writing. He was making a good income, his name was well before the public, and his things were sought after and eagerly accepted, so that he need not take quite so much trouble with them as he had done at first.

His social duties made heavy claims upon his time and energies, perhaps it would be wiser to marry and settle down quietly? Why shouldn't he marry Kittie? They had always got on splendidly together, and she would not be an extravagant wife, quite the reverse; but



"SHE WAS OVERTAKEN BY MR. JABEZ COLLINS—A FARMER"

then Ronald thought of his gay bachelor life of freedom, his popularity with women of position and absolute immunity from care, all of which would suffer if he married.

No, he would always be a good friend to her, there was no need for him to think of marrying her! But whenever he had settled this point entirely to his own satisfaction, the thought of her bright, intelligent face, with its sweet, firm mouth and large grey eyes that could change from grave to gay with such rapid transitions, would come between him and the ideas he was trying to work out, till he would fling down his pencil in disgust and seek distraction elsewhere.

It was about three weeks to Kittie's birthday, and she was taking her usual walk between the lights in the lanes near her uncle's house, when she was overtaken by Mr. Jabez Collins, a farmer, who called himself a gentleman, whose land adjoined Mr. Grant's property and who was sufficiently like-minded to be a crony of her uncle's.

"Good evening, Miss Kittie. How fast you do trip along to be sure! I thought I should never catch you up," he said, wiping his sleek face with a coloured handkerchief.

Something in the expression of his deep-set, beady eyes attracted Kittie unpleasantly. The man had never taken any notice of her before beyond a passing nod, but now it was plain that he had purposely followed her.

She murmured something about being in a hurry, and quickened her pace, but he kept up with her, and before she quite knew what was happening he had asked her to be his wife.

"I was always fond of you," he said, edging a little nearer to her, "and I can give you a comfortable home. I've no doubt we shall get on capitally together, you've been brought up sensibly, you see. None of your fine ladies for me!"

As she made no reply, he went on with growing assurance:

"It's far better for a girl to take a good chance like this, than to think of facing the world alone, when she's got no parents."

"It's better for a girl to face the world alone than to sell herself for a 'com-

fortable home' to a man she doesn't love!" said Kittie tartly, maddened by his vulgar assurance.

He persisted to urge his suit, nothing daunted, till she turned upon him sharply:

"Though I have no money, Mr. Collins, I have some self-respect, and I beg you will not annoy me any further. I could never marry you! Good evening."

It soon transpired that the proposal had been made with Mr. Grant's full approval and consent, so that Kittie's refusal was an act of open rebellion in his eyes. He refused to speak to her after he had tried first to cajole then to threaten her into submission, and so the last fortnight of her minority was passed by her in "coventry."

The longed-for day of her deliverance dawned bright and sunny.

Her uncle sent for her directly after breakfast, and his manner was even more forbidding than usual. In cold, dry tones he began:

"You are twenty-one to-day, so I resign my post as guardian. As you have chosen to thwart the plan I had made for your future well-being, you must take your chance. Under your late Uncle Charles' will, you inherit fifteen hundred a year, which I have no doubt you will squander. I have not thought fit to tell you of this before, as your parents reduced themselves to beggary by their extravagance, and I hoped to counteract any tendency to the same vice in you. My lawyers will give you all further information. You may leave my house as soon as you like."

Three or four hours later Kittie was in London, and had proved the truth of this wonderful good fortune. Miss Hunter, the old village doctor's sister, went with her, and they took rooms in Seymour Street, while Kittie made plans and enjoyed the fascinations of feminine shopping. The sense of power and freedom was delightful, and her first thought was the pleasant surprise it would be to Ronald.

She wrote and asked him to come to dinner, without giving any particulars, and awaited his arrival with the keenest excitement. The ordering of the dinner

she entrusted to Miss Hunter, but she spent a small fortune on flowers, and made the room look like a conservatory, with palms and choice blossoms, and delicate grasses.

She put on her prettiest dress—a soft, white silk, trimmed with lace and touches of heliotrope; and as the hour of his arrival drew near, her colour rose and her eyes sparkled till she looked as fair a picture as any man's eyes might wish to gaze on.

When Kittie went to bed that night, the joy had faded from her face, and she had to confess that the meeting had been a failure. She and Ronald seemed to have changed places somehow, and Kittie did not like it. He had congratulated her very heartily on her sudden good luck, but when she spoke of staying in town for the rest of the season, and mentioned various places she wanted him to take them to, he had made no response, but mumbled something about being "very busy."

A week passed, and they saw nothing of him; then came a short note, saying that he was extremely sorry not to have called upon them, but he had accepted a post as correspondent on a leading "daily," and was off to the seat of war the next morning. His new play was to be produced in about a week, and he enclosed two stalls, in case she cared to use them.

Kittie could have cried with vexation. Her money did not seem to be bringing her much happiness, after all. Her uncle had turned her adrift; it was the secret knowledge of her fortune that had made that wretch Collins dare to propose to her; and now the only friend who could have helped her to enjoy her prosperity was gone to the other side of the world.

She would wait for his play, and then go abroad.

As she sat in the stalls on the eventful night, her mind went back to the afternoon when she had sat in her ugly black frock, drinking in Ronald's words in happy admiration.

The play was a failure; there were



"SHE SPENT A SMALL FORTUNE ON FLOWERS"

no two opinions. In spite of good acting, magnificent mounting, and the latest costumes from Paris, the audience groaned and sighed for the end, which came some time after midnight. The exasperated remnant shouted for the author, that they might vent some of their wrath upon him; and when the manager politely explained that he could not appear owing to his absence in America, one of the gods vehemently shouted:

"Hope he'll get shot, or stop there!"

Kittie cried herself to sleep that night. The humiliation was so complete; and, worse than all, she was forced to admit in her own heart that the verdict was just, even if brutally expressed. The critics unanimously denounced the piece as totally unworthy of the author, and an insult to the public. After an ignominious run of nine nights it was consigned to oblivion.

As Miss Hunter could not remain with Kittie, she engaged a widow lady

as companion, and started for Switzerland.

Six months after the sudden change in her fortunes, she was eagerly scanning the war news in the English papers at the Hotel Quinquisara, in Castellamare, when her eye caught sight of Ronald's name.

"We regret to say that Mr. Ronald Whitmarsh, the brilliant correspondent of the *Daily Post*, has been badly hurt by a splinter from a shell. It is feared he will lose the use of his right hand. He is now in London, and doing as well as can be expected."

"Mrs. Jeffreys, will you kindly look out the trains, and get ready to start for home at once?" said Kittie to her companion as soon as she could collect her thoughts. "I must go to an old friend, who is ill in London."

Poor Ronald! How would he bear it? And the failure of that dreadful play, too! Her heart sank as she thought of his proud nature and active brain being subjected to such trials.

Ronald Whitmarsh was lying on the sofa with his arm in splints, and his pale, worn face contracted with pain.

His thoughts were very bitter ones. How he cursed his stupid pride and mean selfishness! If only he had followed what he now knew had been the dictates of his heart, and had asked Kittie to be his wife while she was still poor! When he saw her again that night, in her beauty and happiness, he knew that it was too late for him to speak honourably to himself, so he had taken refuge in flight.

Then there was the failure of his play. A kind friend had preserved all the criticisms for his perusal, and he had found them on his return. He had written it with such over-weening self-confidence, and, as he thought, so in tune with modern life and morals! He had been blinded by his rapid success, and had pandered to the mere love of notoriety.

Now he was crippled for life, and unless he could dictate his copy his work must be given up. He was secured from want by the pension given to him by the paper in whose service he had been hurt, but what a dreary, empty vista of years lay before him!

He tried to sleep, but the pain pre-



"IT WAS KITTY'S FACE BENDING OVER HIM"

vented him, and all the black thoughts that attack a man when he is down surged through his brain.

The door opened quietly, and he heard the rustle of a woman's gown. He muttered, faintly :

"I'm so glad you've come, Nurse. This wretched thing is horridly uncomfortable."

No answer came for a moment, and when he half turned his head it was Kittie's face that bent over him, her grey eyes filled with tears, though she tried to smile bravely as she said :

"Mrs. Jeffreys and I have come to look after you, if you will let us, Ronnie. Men want their womenkind when they're ill."

"Kittie!" was all that his parched lips could say, but the glad light that leapt into his eyes made her heart beat faster.

Through the long days of convalescence the sunshine of Kittie's daily visits won Ronald back to health and hope. Two of his fingers had been amputated, but with the others and his left hand he was able to use a typewriter, and thus resume his work. With the failure of his play he bade a final farewell to the stage, and after a good deal of labour he prepared another novel for the press.

The success was immediate, and

proved lasting. Fortune again smiled upon him with even more than her old sweetness, and the first use he made of his new laurels was to lay them at the feet of his faithful friend—the woman he had loved in spite of himself, who had stood by him in his darkest hour.

He told her all, not sparing himself in the past :

"Kittie, can you put up with a maimed man, whose selfish cowardice blinded him when you were poor—who is not worthy——?"

"If you talk like that I shall go away. Look what I owe to you and your parents—the only happiness I ever had in life! So there need be no 'sacrifice of self-respect' in taking me and my money," she added, mischievously. "Besides," she went on, "you trained me as your secretary, and I'm not going to be done out of it. The payment will be of a different nature—mutual terms, in fact; and as to *this*," she said, laying her hand tenderly on his mutilated fingers, "you have been my hero for years, and no woman loves her hero less for being wounded in the fight."

"You have been my good angel, dearest," he said, gravely; "only I *do* wish you hadn't that fifteen hundred a year!"



A Rainy Day

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD MACFARLANE



ONE is apt, when the day has been particularly damp, to exaggerate the amount of the rainfall when the same is expressed in inches. An inch of rain hardly gives the idea of a very wet day, and on that account exaggeration follows; yet such a day would be one to be remembered for rain, as can be realised when one knows that the mean *annual* rainfall for the United Kingdom amounts to less than 33 inches. On December 7th, 1863, 7 inches of rain fell at Ardrishaig, in Argyllshire; and on October 3rd, 1890, 7·29 inches fell at Ben Nevis Observatory; but these are the heaviest recorded falls in the United Kingdom for one day's rain, and are worthy of the wettest place in the world—Cherra-punji, in South-West Assam, to wit—where the average annual rainfall, according to some authorities, is 610 inches, whilst others declare it to be but 40 feet; or the neighbouring Khasi Hills (100 miles to the north-east of Calcutta), which can boast an annual fall of 524 inches, and where 30 inches of rain have fallen in 24 hours.

It is not until we take the rainfall in the bulk that we can realise what a stupendous quantity of water showers down in Great Britain and Ireland in one year; and even when we have the figures before us it is difficult to realise their magnitude. To say, for instance, that 9,262,370,000,000 cubic feet of rain, on an average, fall annually on the United Kingdom conveys little or nothing, though it implies something moist; and when we further learn that the weight of the same amounts to 258,126,500,000 tons, except for a feeling of thankfulness that it did not fall on our toes all at once, we are only conscious that it makes a very pretty

row of figures. With the laudable intention of making these latter figures look small, we will merely say that the total weight of the rain that falls in one year on the British Isles is only equal to one one-hundred-and-nineteenth part of the weight of *one* paltry square mile of the Earth's surface, from the surface to the centre of the Earth. When we consider that there are 121,000 square miles of such surface in the United Kingdom alone, one can understand what an infinitesimal fraction of the total weight of the British Isles the annual rainfall would amount to. Why, 4,300,000 Forth Bridges would almost equal it!

If we took a plot of ground containing 59,561 acres, and built thereon a square building having each of its four walls 9 miles 1,060 yards long, and ran these up skywards just above the height of Snowdon (3,570 feet), then the little reservoir formed would just hold, if the walls were strong enough, the United Kingdom's annual rainfall. Perhaps the magnitude of this big drink can be better understood if we take a known piece of water, such as the English Channel. The Channel has an average depth of 110 yards. Perhaps that part of it near the English coast is not quite so deep, but allowing that it averages out at 330 feet, then a person standing on the shore at Newhaven; two other individuals rocking in the cradle of the deep 31 miles from shore, and the same distance from each other, would occupy three corners of a square; whilst a gentleman situated in the neighbourhood of Bognor would be found in the fourth corner—the square would embrace 1,006 square miles, and would contain an amount of water equivalent to that held by the reservoir with walls as high as Snowdon. If such a reser-

voir, by the way, burst, it would turn a piece of ground having the dimensions of Surrey into a very pretty lake, with an average depth of 438 feet. All things considered, it is just as well that the annual rainfall of the United Kingdom does not fall in one day and on one spot. It would be nothing short of a nuisance.

When converted into gallons, the number which represents the annual rainfall is something prodigious, and is represented by 577,555, followed by eight o's. It is said that 200,000,000 gallons of water are daily used in London, which works out at an average of 40 gallons each person. If we allow the 39½ millions of people who live in the United Kingdom each to have 40 gallons of water a day, then, at the end of the year, the total number of gallons used would, we should imagine, amount to something prodigious. As a matter of fact, it amounts to considerably over half a million millions, but when we subtract this number from the total downpour the remainder does not appear to have altered very appreciably; it is now 571,784, followed by eight o's. To run our reservoir dry in one year, we should have to get rid of 1,830,200 gallons a second, with no stoppages, which would compare pretty favourably even with Niagara.

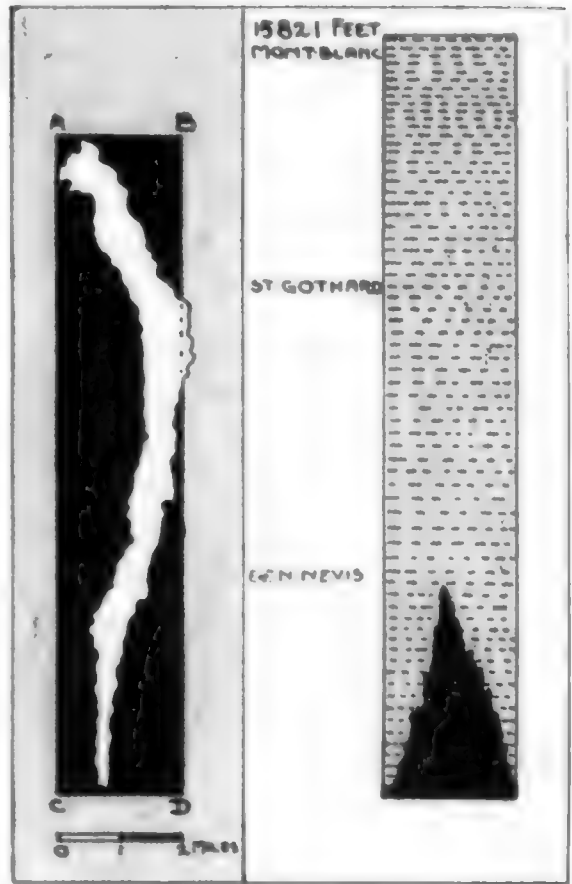
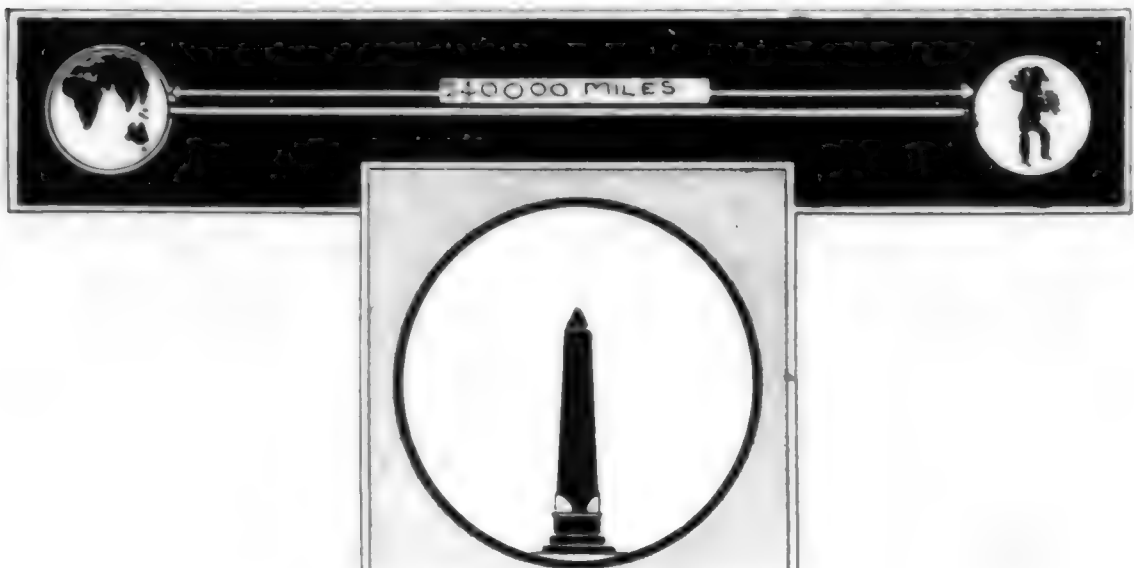


FIGURE 1

Practically, out of every 101 gallons of rain-water that fall, only one gallon is used by the inhabitants of this nation. The other 100 gallons are mopped up



by the thirsty Earth, run off to sea by means of rivers, drunk by parched vegetation, or evaporated. With regard to vegetation, it is interesting to note that a healthy oak will, in the five months during which it is in leaf, suck up from the earth as much water as $4\frac{1}{2}$ human beings can get through when they are each allowed 40 gallons daily, but we must not, on that account, call the oak a drunkard.

In view of the fact that lines upon lines of o's, though very impressive, are not exactly extraordinarily exhilarating reading, we refrain from going into the question of the Earth's rainfall further than to remark that if the whole of the United Kingdom was levelled to one common plane, then the total rainfall of the Earth could only be contained in her by raising walls round the various coasts to the height of 4,892 feet, which is more than 400 feet higher than the top of Ben Nevis, and even then, if it was at all windy, a good deal of the contents of the world's reservoir would splash over.

FIGURE 1

If the annual rainfall on the United Kingdom were collected and contained in a lake $10\frac{1}{2}$ miles long and 2 miles broad, the said lake would have to be 15,821 feet deep. To the left of Figure 1 the parallelogram ABCD represents the plan of such a lake, whilst the irregular white figure super-

posed is a plan of Lake Windermere drawn to the same scale. To the right of the figure a section of the lake is given, showing the relative heights of St. Gothard and Mont Blanc as compared to its depth. The black object at the bottom of the figure is a fancy portrait drawn to the same scale, and accurate, with regard to height, of the highest mountain in the British Isles.



FIGURE 3

FIGURE 2

There has been a long-felt want of rain in the moon, and were we to contribute our annual rainfall it would be but a drop in the plains. Nevertheless, the amount of rain that falls in the United Kingdom during the year is sufficient to completely fill a pipe connecting the Earth to her satellite. A section of that pipe is shown in the lower part of Figure 2, with the addition of a sketch of the Cleopatra Needle, in order to give an idea of its diameter. The Needle is 68 feet high, but the pipe would have to possess a diameter of $96\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and a length of 240,000 miles, to contain our yearly modicum of rain.

FIGURE 3

To the left of Figure 3 we see a huge vessel, at the bottom of which Great Britain lies without being unduly crushed. The depth of the vessel is 608 miles, its breadth 325 miles, and in height it soars to 1,629 miles. The cubical contents of this utensil are

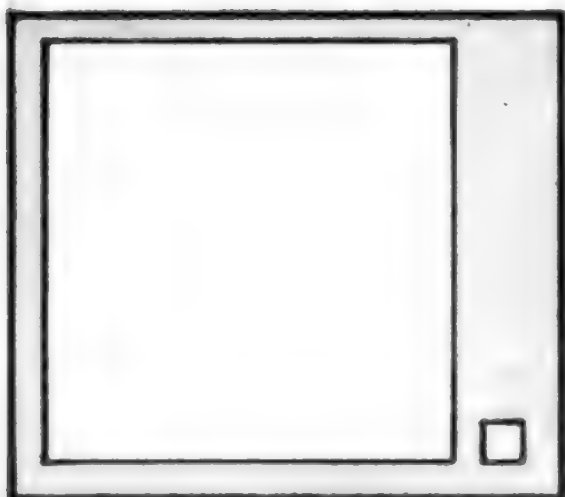


FIGURE 4

sufficient to contain all the oceans and seas on the face of the globe. If our annual rainfall was poured in, it would cover the bottom to a depth of 1 foot 8 inches; that is to say, if the column to the right of the figure represented this depth, the height of the vessel to the left would have to be 5,049,900 times as great; or, if the 20 inches of rain were represented by a column one inch higher, in order to contain a graphic representation of the vessel shown to left of figure, drawn to the same scale, the pages of this magazine

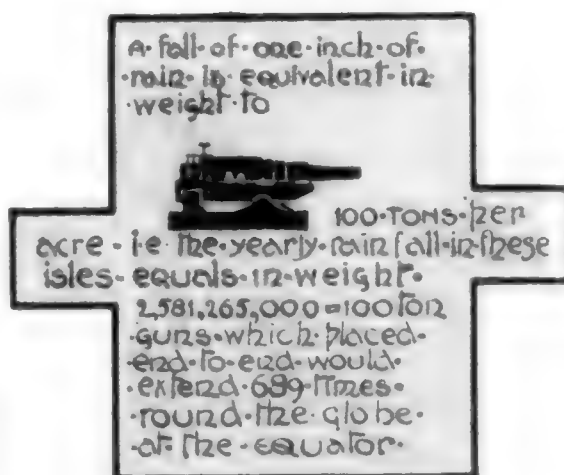


FIGURE 5

would have to be considerably over 80 miles deep. The reader might find them unwieldy.

FIGURE 4

The large square is to the small square as the number of gallons of rain that fall is to the number of gallons used by the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland.

FIGURE 5

A remarkable statement.





BY E. M. DAVY,

Author of "Jack Dudley's Wife," "A Daughter of Earth," "A Prince of Como," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY "GUY"

CHAPTER XII.

CLERICAL ADVICE.

EVERY newspaper told the story of the railway murder, while each and all praised the prompt action of the police in securing the man accredited with the fearful deed.

The real name of the accused being now known, it was but reasonable to suppose that the excitement at Gulcotes was intense. And here all due credit must be given to the feeling which actuated the vicar, Canon Scroley. No sooner did it become clear that Paul Lorrimer—the thief and murderer—was actually Philip Lorraine who had married his wife's friend, than the Canon set off at once for London. Travelling all night, he arrived in town on Sunday morning, went to Charing Cross Hotel

and sent up his card with a request written on it that Mrs. Lorraine would see him.

"Wey, sor, she's just wonderful!" Griffiths was heard to say in answer to some question asked, while Nella lingered for a moment before entering the room from the bedchamber: "but it stands to reason she mun break doon by-an'-bye, poor soul!"

Break down? No! that should never be, and doubly fortified against such suggested weakness she opened the door at that moment, and walked calmly forward.

The fine portly figure of the Vicar in his cassock struck her as endowed with more than the ordinary dignity of his office.

"May the Almighty comfort you, my poor child," he said, pressing her hand

which he continued to hold as he led her to a seat. She saw that he was considerably affected; but an unerring instinct told her something more.

Scarcely had she touched his hand and met his eyes than—although he felt for her a divine pity—at the same time he believed her husband guilty. This was proved to be the case by his next words:

"I have come for you—to take you home," he said impressively.

"I do not understand," she answered; and, indeed, she did not.

"My house, henceforth shall be your home. The suggestion was Dora's, and has my full sanction. Here is a little note from her."

She opened and read the little three-cornered note he gave her. It overflowed with expressions of endearment and pity, entreating her to go and live with them, and concluded thus:

"Oh, Nella, Nella! There is always something to be thankful for, as my husband says. It is, indeed, a mercy that you are safe and spared to us."

"What can she mean?" she asked, pointing to the last sentence. "I have not been in any danger."

"You may be said to have had an almost miraculous escape. In the entire absence of all motive for the crime, it must be attributed solely to a homicidal mania, of which you or any one might have been a victim. But let us not speak, at present, on so distressful a subject. Come! Dora expects you to return with me to-night, and, Mrs. Lorraine, I add my entreaties to hers that you will do so."

"Dora must be out of her senses if she expects me capable of doing anything of the sort!" Nella exclaimed indignantly. Then, remembering that, at any rate, the proposal was kindly meant, she added penitently: "Forgive me. Though I cannot do as you ask, I thank you both with all my heart."

"Won't you trust me to advise you in the matter? At least, won't you consider our proposal?"

But she only sighed and shook her head.

"Then tell me your objections," he said kindly.

"I would rather not, Canon, unless you very particularly wish it."

"I do; in order that I may at least try to overcome them."

"Neither you nor any one else could succeed in that. I preferred keeping my opinions to myself, but you are very kind, so I will tell you them. Marriage, as I understand it, is a contract voluntarily entered into between two persons 'for better or worse.' Even if the worst had happened, my place, in accordance with the vows taken, would presumably be by my husband's side. But I know he is innocent, and all I have to do now is to prove him so."

"In theory, my dear Mrs. Lorraine, your argument is, I own, just and right; but there are cases where it would be absolutely wrong to act upon it. Pray do not misunderstand me. I, Dora, all your old friends, believe poor Lorraine guiltless in so far that he was not, could not have been, accountable for his actions at the time."

"And do you think that assurance will satisfy me? Not only all my friends, but all the world shall know that Philip was accountable, and yet, that he did not do the deed."

So speaking, Nella clenched her hands to keep the rising passion down. It maddened her to learn that any of her old friends believed in Philip's guilt. It hardened her against them and against Canon Scroley.

"Mrs. Lorraine," said he presently, "I shall say no more. I see you are acting from a high sense of duty. May that sustain you, and, in time bring you its reward."

Was it a sense of duty that sustained her? No. She would have given it a sweeter name and called it love; but she refrained from further expressing her inmost thoughts to the vicar. He spoke of the consolation of religion; and here duty bade her listen with at least every outward token of respect, though she felt glad when he left her, and conscious of breathing more freely on finding herself alone.

Sunday was a day on which little could be done towards furthering her husband's cause. Dr. Waldy, she knew, would go to see him, and she expected that after the interview the doctor would

come to her. But the day passed into night and he came not, whilst she watched and waited through all the weary hours, wondering at the cause.

On Monday the Major told Nella Mr. C—— was busily engaged working up the case for the defence, and wished to see her. She made some trivial objection. Her uncle urged—she refused positively. He coaxed, then stormed; but she remained inexorable.

Could she converse dispassionately with the man bent on the line of defence he had suggested? Was it likely—or reasonable—to suppose that she would aid him in his avowed endeavour to prove her husband—in-sane?

She had been married a week now. It seemed to have contained the experience of a lifetime. Why did not Dr. Wal-dy come? When would she hear from Philip?

These two questions were indissolubly linked together in her mind, and preyed on it to such an extent that she began to wonder if her brain could bear much more. But, if her reason tottered beneath the strain, what, then, of Philip's? Was it to be wondered at that his highly-strung, sensitive nature should in the end—No, no, no! She could not—dared not think of such a possibility.

It is probable that at this period of her life she lost all count of time.

At last a packet was put into her hand. The envelope was addressed to her in her husband's writing.

She broke the seal, and read:

CHAPTER XIII.

PHILIP'S CONFESSION.

"Nella, my darling, my wife! Your little note has raised a weight from my soul which was crushing it to the earth.

"I am in prison, accused of robbery and murder, yet you say you love me. Can you continue to do so when you know all?

"I seem to be just now awakening from some frightful dream, and to marvel how I have lived through the horror of it and preserved my reason. I think once, when your dear eyes met mine in court, it trembled in the balance.

"How did you guess, what power impelled you to go there? Could it be the influence of one mind on another?

"For hours before that awful ordeal my thoughts were entirely concentrated on you, my loved one, with an intensity that was anguish. It was an evil hour indeed wherein I decided to keep this sad secret from your knowledge. I withheld it hoping to spare you pain, but what tenfold mi-

sery the concealment has wrought to both! Can the repentance of a lifetime expiate that wrong?

"I had ceased to care what became of me. I longed for death in any form. Until I got your blessed written words I had vowed to say nothing in my own defence, to leave everything to chance or destiny. I am aware that people came to visit me; to gaze, probably with different degrees of curiosity, but



"SHE BROKE THE SEAL, AND READ"

scarcely pity, on the silent man who saw them only with his outward eyes; their individuality he could not recognise. Even their words made no impression on his mental faculties, for these were by grief benumbed. Your written words alone had the power of appealing to my inner consciousness. To you, and to you only, since you ask it, do I consider myself in debt to make confession of the truth.

"I had been expecting a summons to London, as you know, dear. It was long delayed, but when I ceased expecting it, then it came.

"On Saturday the 25th of September, when I reached Oldcastle after parting from you, I found a telegram waiting for me. It was from the firm of engineers who had given me my appointment. It stated that the head of the firm was obliged to set out for Paris next day, and desired me, if possible, to meet him in London first, to receive his final instructions. I found I could leave by the four o'clock South express, and left by it, but before doing so I wrote a telegram to you. Surely my evil genius—which for some time had ceased pursuing me—returned to me at that moment and prompted me to conceal from you the fact that I was called to London. With this end in view I requested that the telegram should not be despatched until after nine o'clock. Herein lay my first mistake, and although I fully intended telling you of my journey afterwards, circumstances prevented it—the fault became irremediable.

"I travelled as far as Grantham alone. At that station there was a stoppage of two or three minutes. A porter, seeing me, let down the window, opened the door, probably supposing I meant to alight. I did not do so. When the doors were being closed three minutes later—the guard's attention being momentarily engaged by some one speaking to him in the next carriage—at that precise moment a lady sprang into my compartment, and took the furthest seat. She had no sooner done so than the door was slammed, and the train moved on. I then saw that my companion, a mere girl, was leaning back, with her hand pressed on her chest, and appeared striving to recover her breath, after, as I

conjectured, a sharp run to catch the train. From time to time I raised my eyes from my newspaper to look at her. She seemed restless and excited—pulled off her gloves, pushed back her hat, loosened her jacket at the neck. She was never still. After we had proceeded some considerable distance she began searching in her pocket.

"'Oh!' she cried, 'whatever shall I do? I've forgotten my purse.'

"She gasped the words in an emotional manner, at the same time looking at me. 'I've no purse,' she said again, 'no ticket, no money.'

"It was evident enough she was a lady, and fearing she was exciting herself so that she would be ill, I offered to help her, suggesting I would pay for her ticket when we reached London. Hoping to calm her, I handed her my purse, requesting her to take what money she required. I saw her help herself to gold and silver. Then, with the money and purse still in her hand, she pulled at a small watch she wore outside her jacket. Too impatient and too agitated, apparently, to detach it properly, she tore it off by sheer force, thus breaking the slender chain that held it to the safety-pin. Placing the little watch together with the purse in my hand, she said:

"'I must not be in debt to a stranger. Keep this until I can repay——'

"She stopped, uttered a stifled cry, and never spoke again. Clutching at her throat, she fell forward on the floor of the carriage, struggling, writhing, in mortal agony. I had no time for thought, but, guessing this to be either a paroxysm of madness or some kind of fit, I grappled with her with all my might; but my utmost strength was slight compared with that of frenzy. How long the dreadful struggle lasted I cannot guess. In vain I attempted to signal to the guard to stop the train; my hands were too closely occupied in holding the unfortunate girl down on the floor. At last her struggles ceased. She lay quite still. I raised her, placed her on a seat, and saw that she was dead. Then the seriousness of my own position revealed itself to me.

"The poor girl being found dead in the train would necessitate an inquiry, and I, as the only person acquainted

with the circumstances of her death would be required to attend that inquiry. This would inevitably cause delay, and delay to me at this particular juncture of my life meant certain ruin to all my prospects; the one stipulation regarding my Indian appointment being that I must leave England on Thursday without fail. This last thought decided me, and I determined that, voluntarily, I would say nothing of the sad tragedy I had witnessed. I forgot all about the little watch, which in my haste to render assistance, I had thrust into my pocket. I forgot, too, that money had fallen on the floor when she was first seized; but with a sad feeling at my heart, and a conscience that all the time upbraided me sorely, I removed as far as I was able, the traces of the encounter from my clothes and person. The instant the train reached King's Cross at 10.40 I was making my way out of the station before any of the passengers probably had left their carriages.

"I next went into a restaurant, and there the idea occurred to me that the

removal of my moustache might aid in frustrating any attempt to identify me as the chance travelling companion of the unfortunate girl. The interview I had come to London for was accomplished satisfactorily. I left again for the North by the 1.40 train on Sunday morning. The return journey being made without recognition I hoped all would now be well. It was not until I saw the newspaper account of the affair on Monday morning that I realised the horror of the situation, and then, too late, regretted the part I had taken. There appeared nothing for it now but to let events take their natural course. A chance still remained that I might be able to leave England without discovery. I made up my mind to risk that chance; and, if fate favoured me, I would write a detailed account of the whole sad story and send it to the newspapers. Fate did not favour me. I was seen and recognised. Two detectives accosted me at King's Cross, with what result you know. I refused at first to give my name, and subsequently gave a false



"I REFUSED AT FIRST TO GIVE MY NAME"

one ; in acting thus I assert most solemnly I had but one aim—to keep you in ignorance of my peril. Alas, instead of this, each act and word of mine were changed to deadly rivets in the chain of evidence convicting me of crime.

"I had written thus far when Dr. Waldy came, he had been before, it seems, but then I was in a manner unconscious of his visit. Now, instead of of finding a patient suffering from some peculiar mental aberration as he expected, he sees in me the man who was with his poor young daughter at the last, and is able and willing to demonstrate that it was an epileptic fit which killed her, a slighter fit of the same nature having attacked her once before. It remains for you, my wife, to forgive me, if you can. . . ."

But here to all intents and purposes, her husband's confession ends. The rest bears about it the halo of a lover's letter. Between Phil and Nella its words must be for ever sacred.

CHAPTER XIV.

ALL'S WELL.

Although the mystery of the supposed murder was at an end, Philip Lorraine could not be set at liberty by a *coup de main*.

But the delay was borne with more equanimity by Philip and Nella than it was by Griffiths.

"What's laws for?" she argued indignantly. "Te keep innocent folk iv prison an' let real morderors gan free! It mun tak' a vorry bad man to mak a good lawyer. See ye the way maa poor maistor's been tret. Wey, the Queen horsel owt to think shyem."

And, though she spoke it not, the cry of Nella's heart was: My darling, my darling, who would have given his life for me! Oh, why does justice move so slowly?

What strangely unaccountable beings women are! As the time approached when her husband would join her, free, without a stain upon his honour, Nella's feelings underwent a curious change. The courage that hitherto had animated her fled. Instead of exultation, an

overpowering, shrinking, shyness took possession of her.

But all this passed. The trial for murder came on. The same witnesses who had given evidence before were called again. The case looked black indeed against the prisoner until the dead girl's father went into the box ; then, all that had seemed dark before became clear, and without leaving the Court the jury returned a verdict of "Not Guilty." The judge addressed a few kindly congratulatory words to Philip, but also pointed out the series of inexcusable mistakes he had made at every step. At the conclusion the accused, according to newspaper parlance, "left the Court, surrounded by his friends."

Meanwhile, the Major—prompt in action as he was good in heart—had "loaned," as he was pleased to call it, a pretty furnished house at Richmond. There, Philip joining Nella as soon as he was free, they spent a fortnight in most complete seclusion.

* * * *

It was a dusky November afternoon. The entrance-hall of the Richmond house was piled with luggage ; but instead of being bound for India it was addressed to New York now. In the drawing-room Mr. and Mrs. Lorraine sat chatting and laughing by the firelight. Presently, the Major—it was his first visit—came and drew in his chair.

"Seems kind of homelike this!" said he, stretching his long limbs across the fender. "I'm taking to doing the parental, same as I'd been a father all my life."

"You're the best and kindest father I have ever known, sir," said Philip feelingly.

"Well, and didn't I ought to be? Haven't I all I came out to England for and more? I wanted a filly to lay my dollars on, and I've found her. I know a first-class post waiting for a clever young engineer, and I've gotten him. I embark with my cargo to-morrow. If you don't care for the engineering, nor take with American ways, you've only to say at the year's end, and we'll see about buying an old border castle here, with historical associations and a few ghosts thrown in."

"Dear Uncle," laughed Nella, "do tell me why you write 'America' in such big letters all over you?"

"Because I'm proud of the land of my adoption, niece Nella. As a 'ne'er-do-well' lad I sought her shores, and she made a man of me."

"Major Musgrave, sor, will ye tak' a soop tea?"

It was Griffiths who spoke. Unobserved she had been quietly arranging the four o'clock tea-table, and now she was dispensing the tea.

"Eh? What? Who?" he asked,

something he said to you about *whist*, his wife wants to—kiss you, and Dr. Waldy seems still to be hankering after a bit of your husband's skull. Oh, yes! Just don't I know his kind of crank? Couldn't be long in the doctor's society without. As to the young Lieutenant, he confessed to me he was over head and ears in love with my niece Nella. Love! Guess he's a cute little customer that blind imp!"

"Ah, what would the world be without it?" said Nella softly, all her laughter hushed. "Do you—don't you know



"CHATTING AND LAUGHING BY THE FIRELIGHT"

taking the cup and looking sharply round at her.

"Aa ca'ed ye by yor reet nyeum, sor, an' hope thor's ne offence?"

"None. But I'am Mr. Musgrave. See? Any one wishing to call me Major must add the Hamilton Higgins to it. I'm kinder partial to the name I've made."

"Uncle, did I understand you to say some friends were coming to see us before we leave England? Who are they?"

"Half Gulcotes, seemingly. Leastways, Canon Scroley and his wife, and, I take it, that's about the size of *them*. The Canon wishes to remind you of

what love is, uncle? Then shall I tell you?"

"Tell me? Why, certainly, Nel," he answered, turning to her a grave and sympathetic face.

And out of the fulness of her heart she spoke:

"It is stronger than time, because it outlives it; stronger than prison bars, for it snaps them asunder; stronger than sorrow, for it turns that to joy. It is stronger than shame, for it knows it not; and as to death—it lives beyond the grave!"

For a few moments no one spoke. Then Philip, laying his hand on Nella's, whispered so as to be heard by her only:

"Your faith in me, your love, your devotion—all these, dear wife, I will repay, if my love can do it."

Aloud, and in a lighter tone, he said:

"Major, Nella has described love truly. She ought to know; but she is a woman in ten thousand."

"No, Phil, dear. On the contrary, I am one of ten thousand—a very human woman."

"Now, then, have it out between you, young people. I'm not in it. Come here, Mrs. Griffiths," said the Major, as she entered to take the tea away.

"Here's this husband and wife beginning to wrangle already."

"Are ma bairns at it again? Eh, sor, they'll be like ma man's tve dogs, aa's thinkin'. They fowt an' fowt until——"

"Their fate was that of the Hibernian pussies?"

"Na, na," answered Griffiths, with a solemn shake of the head. "They'd mair sense nor yon. They fowt till they got to be the best friends possible; they agreed te diffor."

"Behold a Daniel come to judgment," remarked the Major.

THE END.



Wireless Telegraphy Up to Date

ITS POSSIBILITIES IN THE NEAR FUTURE

WRITTEN BY HERBERT C. FYFE. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



ONE of the schemes which Mr. Cecil Rhodes is determined to carry through is the laying of a cable from Cairo to Cape Town, and if the work goes on as well as it has done so far, telegraphic communication between these two places will soon be accomplished. But, incredible though it may read, it will probably some day become possible to send messages from London to Cape Town without the use of a connecting wire.

A little while ago Professor Silvanus P. Thompson, F.R.S., made an offer to undertake seriously the establishment of telegraphic communication without wires between the Cape and England, provided £10,000 were forthcoming to establish the necessary basal circuits in the two countries, and the instruments for creating the currents.

The Professor's offer was deemed too visionary for acceptance; but he has declared that the feat is quite possible.

Many people, when they hear mention of "Wireless Telegraphy," exclaim, "Oh, yes! it is all very wonderful, but it has never been put to any practical use."

On the contrary, there are several systems of Wireless Telegraphy, or signalling across space without intervening wires, in actual operation at the present moment, and very soon there will be a good many more. Let me take the reader on an imaginary trip to the West of England, and show him a system at work.

In the Bristol Channel, about half-way between Weston-super-Mare and

Cardiff, is a small island which goes by the name of the "Flat Holm."

On this island is a military station for the purpose, presumably, of guarding the Channel.

Communication between the Flat Holm and the mainland, at Lavernock Point, has hitherto been kept up by submarine cable. This system, however, laboured under the disadvantage that the cables were constantly being hooked by the anchors of various vessels.

In such cases, where localities of this character are separated by tideways covered with shipping, cables are very apt to break, and indeed cause the G.P.O. considerable annoyance, for, in addition, the masters of vessels will sometimes purposely snap the cable, and then demand compensation, declaring that their anchors have been lost by coming into contact with it.

Now all this has been changed, for quite within the last few weeks a system of Wireless Telegraphy has been permanently established by the Post Office between Lavernock Point and Flat Holm, and is now in the hands of the War Office. This was the first instance of a system of signalling across space without intervening wires being practically employed.

Then, if we take a run to the South Coast, we shall find wireless telegrams being regularly sent between Bournemouth and the Isle of Wight.

In one or two cases, again, this system is in use in large factories and workshops for ordinary messages which would otherwise be sent by the wire.

Thus, space telegraphy is not merely

a dream of the scientist; it is an accomplished fact.

As very few people seem to be aware of what has actually been done in this direction, I have been at some little pains to find out the latest results achieved, and my thanks are due to Mr. W. H. Preece and Mr. Gavey, of the G.P.O.; Mr. H. Jameson Davis, of the

Mere Wireless Telegraphy, in the sense of conveying intelligence by visual signals, is in reality very ancient. Æschylus, in his "Agamemnon" (B.C. 500), describes the communication of intelligence by burning torches, which were used as signals.

A system of telegraphing by mirrors, which flashed the rays of the sun from



SENDING A MESSAGE WITHOUT WIRES

Wireless Telegraph and Signal Company; Capt. Kennedy, R.E., and others, for their kindness in supplying me with the requisite information.

I venture to think that the facts here set forth show that we possess in "Electric Wave Telegraphy" the germ of a system which will be of great practical value.

one mirror to another all along a line, was employed by the Greeks in the time of Alexander (*circa* 333 B.C.), and this survives in the modern heliograph, used in military operations at the present day.

Every school-child knows how, at the time of the Armada, the beacons on the heights flashed the news of the sighting

of the Spanish fleet from one end of England to another.

The Semaphore—the parent of the electric telegraph—was, one hundred years ago, in use very generally as a means of “signalling across space.”

With these instruments the Board of Admiralty in London were placed within a few minutes of Deal, Portsmouth and Plymouth. The advent of the electric telegraph rendered the semaphore obsolete, and has now almost entirely superseded most forms of Wireless Telegraphy, the heliograph being one notable exception.

Apart from visual, there are electrical methods of Wireless Telegraphy (a term, by the way, intended to designate a system of signalling without the use of intervening wires from one station to another). They are of three kinds:—

- (1) Conduction.
- (2) Electro-magnetic induction.
- (3) Hertzian waves.

In the first case the signals are sent by means of electric currents which are “conducted” through the earth or through the sea. This was first accomplished by Mr. W. H. Preece, who, in 1882, tried to establish communication between the Isle of Wight and the Hampshire coast without any connecting cable across the Solent. Large metal plates, to serve as electrodes, were immersed in the sea at the ends of the two base lines. A telegraph wire extending from Portsmouth to Hurst Castle (twenty miles) was used on one side, while on the island was a wire from Ryde to Sconce Point (sixteen miles).

Signals were passed in dots and dashes which could be read on the Morse system, but telephonic speech was not found to be feasible.

In 1884, messages sent through insulated wires buried in iron pipes in the streets of London were read upon telephone circuits, erected on poles above the housetops, eighty feet away; while in 1885, ordinary telegraph circuits were found to produce disturbances 2,000 feet away. This is an instance of “electro-magnetic induction”: that is to say, the electric current in one wire *induces* another electric current in another wire, although no visual connection between the two exists.

In 1892, Mr. Preece determined to see if he could signal without using a cable from the mainland to some of the islands in the Bristol Channel.

His stations were Lavernock Point, on the South Wales coast, and the islands of the Flat Holm and Steep Holm, the distances of which from land are respectively, 3·1, and 5·35 miles. For this purpose the electro-magnetic system was used. On the shore at Lavernock Point were a pair of copper wires suspended on poles for a length of 1,267 yards, their circuit being completed through earth.

An alternating current was sent into this base line by an alternator, worked by a two h.-p. steam engine, and the alternations in the wire were broken up into dots and dashes by a Morse key. Mr. Preece easily transmitted messages over the three miles separating the mainland from Flat Holm; but at the Steep Holm telegraphic conversation was impracticable, as the sound could not be differentiated into dots and dashes. As we have already seen, a system of Wireless Telegraphy on Mr. Preece's methods is now in regular use between Lavernock Point and Flat Holm.

Early in 1895, the cable between Oban and the Isle of Mull broke down, and, as no ship was available for repairing and restoring communication, Mr. Preece trotted out his electro-magnetic plan, in which, as we have seen, two parallel circuits are established, one on each side of a channel or bank of a river, each circuit becoming successively the primary and secondary of an induction system, according to the direction in which the signals are being sent.

Into the wire at Oban, which stretched along the shore for some distance, strong alternating or vibrating currents of electricity were transmitted so as to form signals, letters, and words in Morse character. The effects of the rise and fall of these currents were transmitted as electro-magnetic waves through space across to the Isle of Mull, where another stretch of wire, of the same length as the first, was placed along the shore. This was, as it were, a secondary circuit, just like the secondary circuit of an induction coil, and being washed by



THE TRANSMITTER. PREECE'S SYSTEM

the ethereal waves transmitted from over the water, signals could be read in it by means of a telephone connected up to the wire. This system was in use for public telegrams until the cable was repaired. At other times, Mr. Preece has established communication across the Kilbrannen Sound, between the Isle of Arran and Kintyre, a distance of over four miles and across Loch Ness, a distance of one and a quarter miles.

In addition to audible signals in the Morse code, speech was transmitted across Loch Ness, *i.e.*, telephones were joined to the parallel wires on opposite sides of the loch, and speech was readily maintained across one and a-quarter miles of water.

Mr. Preece's latest experiments have been across the St. George's Channel. An ordinary telegraph wire stretching from Carlisle to Hereford was used one night as the one circuit, while a wire from Belfast to a spot near Wicklow was used as the other circuit.

Electro-magnetic wave communication,

unfortunately, could not be established, as ordinary telegraph wires erected for other purposes were used, and they were not disposed in the best manner for this type of signalling. It was noticeable, however, that the circuits picked up the sound of the dynamos providing electricity in the towns which they passed, and regular pulsations could be heard in the telephone.

It may have occurred to the reader that "space telegraphy" would be of great value in establishing communication between lighthouses, lightships, etc., and the shore. This idea occurred to Mr. Preece also, and an effort was made to signal to the North Sandhead (Goodwin) Lightship. One extremity of the cable was coiled in a ring on the bottom of the sea, embracing the whole area over which the lightship swept while swinging to the tide, and the other end was connected with the shore. The ship was surrounded above the water-line with another coil. The two coils were separated by a mean distance

of about 200 fathoms, but communication was found to be impracticable, owing to the extremely rapid rate at which energy is absorbed at great depths of sea-water.

There are thus some disadvantages to the induction system. It is in many cases difficult to erect the necessary length of wires to admit of readable signals being transmitted, and this is not possible, of course, on a lightship or on rock lighthouses and on very small islands, and unless this is done, Mr. Preece's method is not applicable. On the other hand, it is possible to signal at a much more rapid rate with this than with other methods. Thus between Lavernock and Flat Holm messages have been transmitted at the rate of forty words per minute, whilst in the method known as Marconi's, ten or twelve words is a maximum. Thus in some circumstances they will be of great value. It has been found possible to hear signals over a distance of forty miles, between the telegraph lines that run across the

Scottish border by the east and west coasts.

Sounds produced on the Newcastle and Jedburgh line were distinctly heard on the parallel line at Gretna, though there was no line connecting the two places.

The last of the three systems mentioned above now claims our attention. This is known as "Electric Wave Telegraphy," "Hertzian Wave Telegraphy," or "Marconi Telegraphy."

This method of signalling without wires is based on a series of discoveries made by Hertz in 1879. In the course of his experiments he designed apparatus by means of which he proved that electric waves and light waves were of the same character, that they travelled at the same speed, and that they could be reflected, refracted and polarised like light. The reason they do not affect our eyes is that they are of much greater length than light waves. He designed a form of receiver that could detect the presence of these electric waves, but it



THE RECEIVER. PREECE'S SYSTEM

was not adapted for telegraphic signalling. Later, Branly invented a new form of wave detector, which was improved by Lodge and named a "coherer," and telegraphic signals were transmitted by means of this apparatus for a distance of forty yards. At this stage the subject was taken up by Mr. Marconi in Italy and Captain Jackson, of Her Majesty's Navy, in this country. They worked on much the same lines, each in ignorance of what the other had done until they met in England. Had Signor Marconi's visit to this country been delayed but a few weeks it might well have been that all the honour (which, so far as the general public is concerned, has been monopolised by Mr. Marconi) of this discovery would have fallen to the lot of Captain Jackson.

Mr. Marconi, in July, 1897, came to England to introduce his new plan of "Spark Telegraphy."

Many experiments were carried out by Government, but a few months ago, on the formation of the Wireless Telegraph Company, Mr. Marconi transferred his interest in this invention to the company, and has since pursued his work independently of official aid. After signalling in various places, it was decided to choose the South Coast as the scene of operations, and accordingly a room in one of the houses facing the sea at Bournemouth was fitted up with the necessary apparatus for sending and receiving signals, transmitted through space without intervening wires. In a room at the Needles Hotel was another set of instruments, identical to those at Bournemouth.

Mr. Preece utilises *electro-magnetic waves* of very low frequency (from 200 to 400 per second), currents in the one wire are *induced* by currents in the other wire, and each wire has to be as long as the distance across which it is desired to signal.

Mr. Marconi utilises *electric or Hertzian waves* of very high frequency (250,000,000 per second), and these depend on the rise and fall of electric force in a sphere. A disturbance is impressed on the ether—that homogeneous continuous elastic medium which transmits heat, light, electricity and other forms of energy from one

point of space to another without loss—and is thus propagated through space until it falls on a delicate "electric eye" (the coherer referred to above), and this enables a signal to be read with ease. These electric waves are like the ripples one sees on water when a stone is thrown into a pond, only they follow each other with incredible velocity (though not "connecting wires").

Although Mr. Marconi uses wires, he does not need to have a great length of cable at each signal station, as is necessary in the induction method.

Between the Needles to Bournemouth (a distance of about $14\frac{1}{2}$ miles), regular communication has been maintained without the use of any intervening connecting wires.

Nor is this the greatest distance over which these "spark telegrams" have been sent.

Portable instruments were set up on the cliffs at Swanage, and it was found possible to speak with the station at Alum Bay, nearly 18 miles away; and across land it has been found possible to send decipherable messages between Salisbury and Bath, a distance of 34 miles, the longest distance over which these signals have been sent.

To make the Marconi system quite clear, I will ask the reader to accompany me to the scene of operations. The only outward signs of the experiments at Bournemouth or the Needles are two tall poles over 100 feet high. From the top of each is suspended an insulated copper wire, one end of which is carried through a window into the room where the instruments are placed. These are, indeed, very simple-looking contrivances. On a small table near the window is an induction coil capable of giving a spark 8 inches or 10 inches long, a Morse key to control the current, and a battery. The discharge from the coil is made to pass between two brass balls about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches apart, and whenever the key is depressed, oscillations are set up: these are conducted outside the window to the top of the pole, and from thence they radiate off into space, until they ultimately affect the receiver.

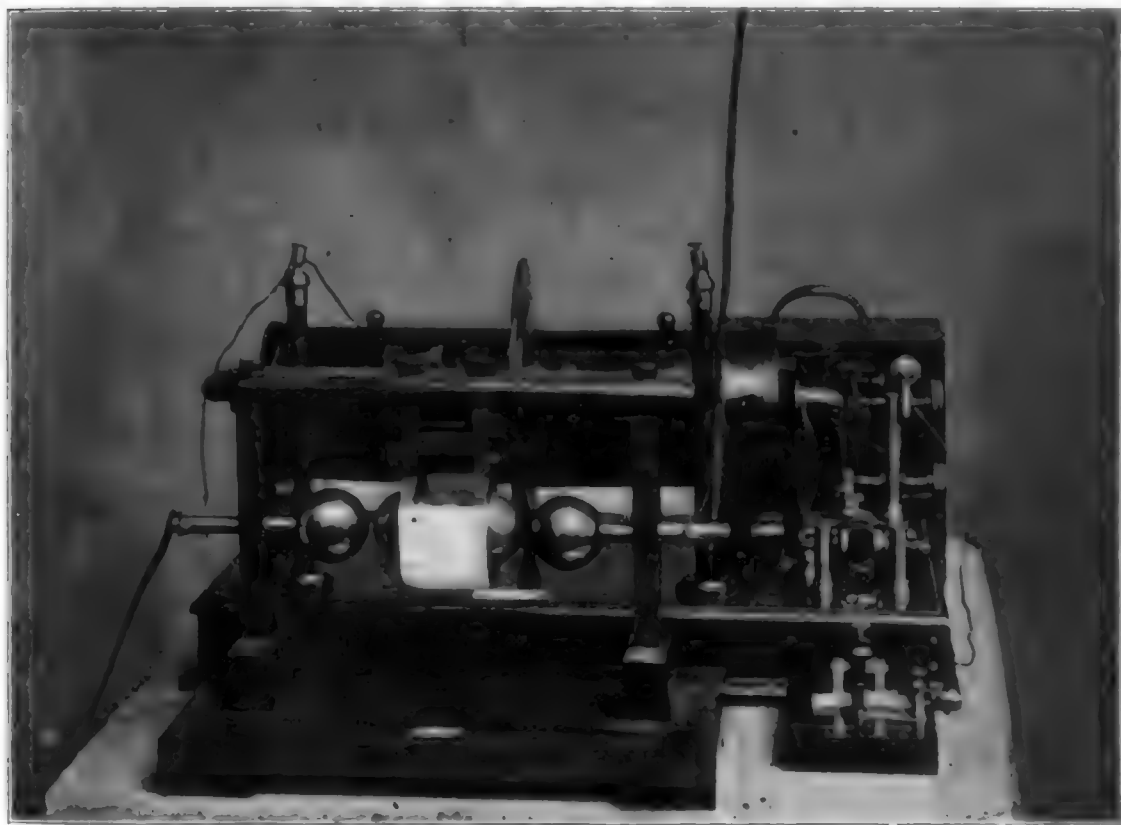
Thus, when it is wished to despatch a message, the operator at Bournemouth, by means of the key, puts his coil into

operation for long and short periods, corresponding to the dots and dashes of the Morse code. The coil is connected up to the outside wire and electric waves are at once produced.

We must now pay a visit to the Needles and see how these messages are received there. The instruments consist of a "coherer," a relay, and a Morse printer.

The first is the "electric eye," the most delicate and sensitive of all known electrical apparatus. It is merely a glass

electric waves. In a normal condition the filings lie higgledy-piggledy, but when electric waves fall on them they are "polarised" and made to cohere in such a way that a current can pass through the tube. The armature of the relay is immediately attracted, the Morse printer writes out the message, and the operation is concluded. Mr. Marconi has found it necessary to make the local current very rapidly vibrate a small hammer-head against the glass tube, in order to assist the filings and make them



THE MARCONI TRANSMITTER

tube, in which is placed a metallic powder (96 per cent. hard nickel, and 4 per cent. silver). This mixture is sealed up between two silver balls. The tube—(exhausted of air to prevent oxidation of the filings, which impairs their conductivity)—forms part of a circuit, containing a local cell and a sensitive telegraph relay. When receiving a message the end of the vertical wire on the pole outside is connected to the "electric eye" or "coherer," which is then in a position to become sensitive to

ready to cohere again as soon as another wave arrives.

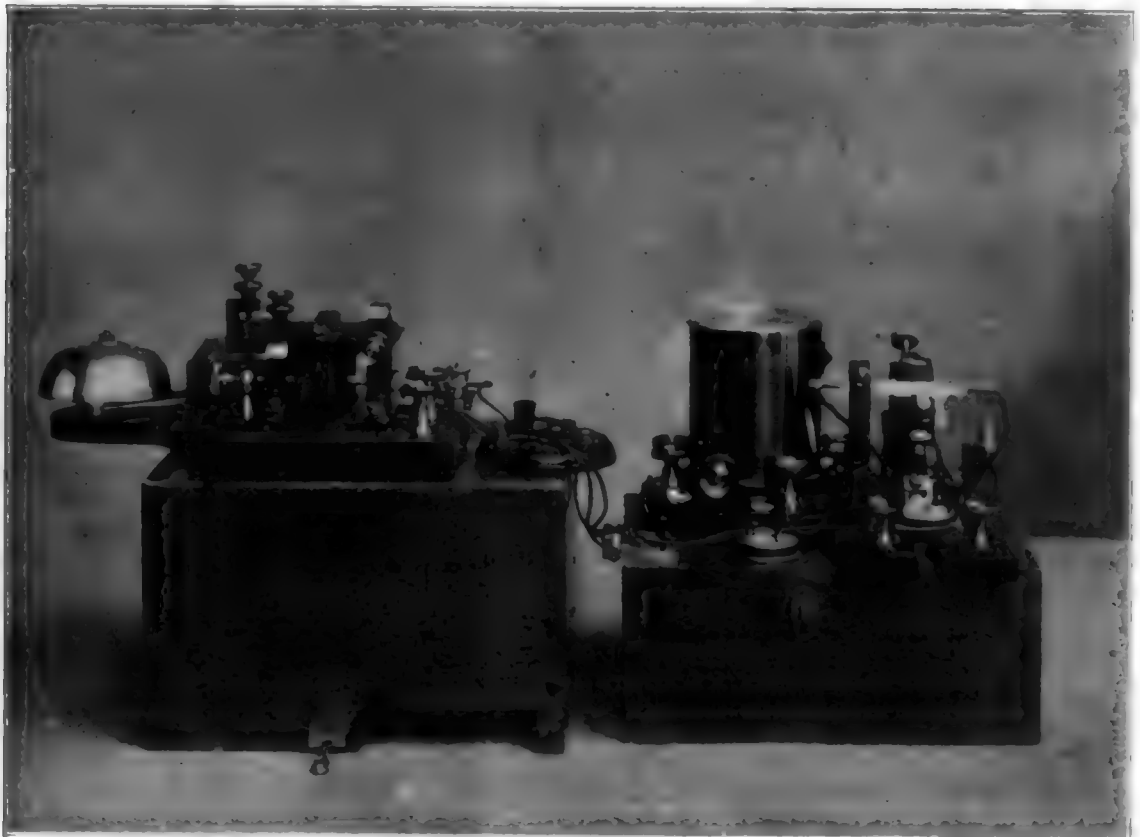
The apparatus used in these experiments is so simple that any one with a mechanical turn of mind could make them himself. Mr. Marconi has, however, in the course of his experiments, made a number of small improvements in the instruments and has patented these. For every few miles further the signals are sent fresh difficulties arise, and it is only by patience and ingenuity that these have been overcome. There

is little that is novel in the Marconi process. The production of electric waves, their radiation through space, their ability to go round corners and through brick walls, and the possibility of detecting them by an electric eye, as far away perhaps as half a-mile, were known before Mr. Marconi came to England. He has, however, been the first to show how signals can be sent across space to a distance of 18 miles, and to him are due the long vertical wires which are connected to both transmitter and receiver.

Here, surely, is a fine field for Wireless Telegraphy. Mr. Præce's system, as we have seen, was of limited use in affording communication between ship and shore, and no really satisfactory way of attaining this much-to-be-desired end has ever been made to work.

Perhaps in the near future all the rock lighthouses and lightships round the coast will be in communication with the mainland on the system of Spark Telegraphy.

Some have thought that because the



THE MARCONI RECEIVER

Some of the most interesting experiments are those which Mr. Marconi has carried out between Alum Bay and a ship cruising about the Isle of Wight and Swanage. In every case just as good messages were sent to the ship as to the land on the other coast, whether the vessel was moving forwards or backwards or swinging round. Messages were sent and received in fog, rain, and wind more easily even than on fine, clear, still days.

Marconi waves spread out into space in all directions and because the same messages can be received in different places, that their field of application would for this reason be restricted. By means of a code, however, the sender of a message would ensure its being received by the person to whom it is meant to go. In country districts many post offices are connected up with the same wire and no confusion is caused, because a special code is used for each.

Then, again, each transmitter and receiver may be so perfectly in tune that it will be impossible for the latter to attend to any other signals but those sent by its own transmitter.

Outgoing and incoming ships could, by means of the code, signal to a station on shore any needful news, and this method would also be useful between ships at sea. Where land lines already exist its usefulness would not be so great, but in cases where communication by cable is out of the question Spark Telegraphy is likely to take its place.

Professor Silvanus P. Thompson thinks that it will certainly be possible some day to establish direct communication across space, without connecting cables, between England and America, the Cape, India and Australia, at a far

less cost than that of a connecting submarine cable.

It is certainly true that signals may be transmitted through the earth itself. The instruments in Greenwich Observatory are affected by the stray currents that escape into the earth from the badly insulated return circuit of the City and South London Electric Railway, 4½ miles away, and one night a dynamo at the Deptford electric lighting station became by accident connected to earth, and as a consequence the currents set flowing in the earth were perceived in the telegraph instruments as far northwards as Leicester and as far south as Paris. These facts have led Prof. Thompson to undertake seriously to establish telegraphic communication with the Cape, and some day doubtless the thing will be attempted.





BY H. FALCONER ATLEE, Author of "Sunshine after Rain," "Love Untold, Unknown," &c.
ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.

IT is a bustling, noisy scene, this Foire, with the gaudy booths and motley crowd; here a merry-go-round, brilliantly lit up, exhibits its gilded cars and spotted horses to an admiring crowd of children and parents, who climb up to have a ride; there a shooting gallery attracts the ambitious, eager to show their skill, and win laurels by knocking down a dummy figure, or hitting a clay pipe or glass ball; many are the stalls, gaily decorated with ginger-bread, and sweets, and toys: a perfect paradise for the little ones; and the pancake shops, where, in rows, you can see the *gaufres* and *pets de nonne*.

A beautiful summer night, the moon smiling complacently in the cloudless sky, where the many little stars are winking laughingly at one another as they watch the busy crowd below; all the townspeople have turned out to see the show, and many who now crowd

the narrow streets of the fair have trudged a weary mile or more from the outlying villages; everywhere is laughing and shouting, and the gay holiday manner of the French: care to-day has been banished, and gaiety reigns supreme.

"Oh, mamma, look," says the eager little boy, pointing to a clown who is tempting the crowd to enter; "oh, let us go in."

"No, Léon, it is much too crowded; it is more amusing here. Come, darling, we will go and see the performing dogs!"

"No, mamma," persists the little boy; "I do want to go in here," and he listens to the clown announcing the wonderful feats of Nono and Clitouche. "Mamma," he pleads, and looks up at his mother with large blue eyes, where there is a tear already shining.

Madame Peletier hesitates; one franc seems a lot of money, but then the Foire comes only once a year, and her little

darling does not have much amusement, poor dear; and she strokes his hair as she arranges his hat that has slipped back in his excitement to see more of the clown's antics.

She must have been a pretty woman, nay, she is pretty still, though her face bears the trace of sorrow, and tears have left their sad, dull stamp round her eyes, and the mouth speaks of discouragements; her fair hair appears wonderfully light beneath the crêpe bonnet, and her face looks ethereally white surrounded by the black strings. Poor woman, she is a weather-beaten reed, well-nigh broken down by the struggle of life; one hope she yet has, one bright spot in a wretched existence—Léon, the cheery little lad at her side, whose joyful cries and childish laugh are her consolation, the pleasant notes amongst the harsh chords of her life.

Married, when but an inexperienced girl, by parents who did not even consult her in their choice, she had known the horror of disliking her husband; she had fought bravely to do her duty, but her husband was a brute both to her and to his little son. Then she fled—she left him, left the comparative comfort of his house, left her friends, her family—she fled, and far away in the north of France she worked for herself and her Léon. It was wrong, yes, she knew it was; but she could no longer endure her husband's vile treatment, his cruelty to her tiny boy. Years had passed, and she still worked, still went about in black. A widow? Yes, for her heart mourned for Jules Detouches, and Jacques Peletier, her husband, was yet alive.

"Come on, come on, all of you! Come in—Nono is just going to begin, *prenez vos places!*" and the improvised theatre is filling—filling till only a few seats are left. Madame Peletier and Léon have followed the noisy crowd, and somehow they find themselves wedged in on the rough planks that serve as seats.

A fat woman, gaudily attired in faded green satin and tinsel, is banging vigorously on a big drum, completely drowning the feeble melody of the violin, and partially overpowering a discordant trumpet, worked by an apoplectic-

looking little gentleman in seedy black. From behind the curtain mysterious sounds proceed, interrupted by curses more or less audible.

Madame Peletier has taken Léon on her knees, and watches his little eyes following the scene with rapture. Now and then he turns towards her and hugs her to express his gratitude.

The place is packed, not a seat is vacant; suddenly there is an unusual commotion behind the curtain, a scream, then some loud oaths, and a tongue of fire seems, with one embrace, to swallow up part of the draperies round the stage; a wild cry arises amongst the audience; all jump up—for one short moment there is a pause, and then all make blindly for the exit. Many fall amongst the benches and are trampled down; a mad panic rages, men push down women and children in their insane fear. Madame Peletier, the first horror passed, takes up Léon in her arms and allows herself to be borne forward by the seething crowd; it is useless to struggle; she knows it, and she holds her darling closely to her breast, and prays. The whole place is a mass of flames; the canvas roof and the supporting poles crash down, a blazing mass, on the surging people; agonised shrieks rend the air; heaps of writhing victims block the two doors, a gruesome sight. Madame Peletier has fallen beneath a bench, many more have fallen over her; yet she and Léon live, and both are extricated from beneath the ruins, Léon unhurt, but the poor woman insensible, and both legs broken. Half-an-hour later, when she recovers consciousness, her first thought is for Léon—Léon. Nowhere can the boy be found. "*Mon Dieu,*" she murmurs faintly — "*mon Dieu,*" and swoons off again. She has hardly realised that the boy is gone.

Many months did Madame Peletier linger in the *Hôpital*. Her recovery was very slow—very slow, for Léon had not been found; very slow, for she hoped no longer. The future was black and blank to her—"A future without hope! It is better to die—oh, if I could but die!" Yet she lived—and recovered.

She lived in a dream, scarcely realising how little she felt, how little she cared for anything.

She went back to her parents. They were simple folk and kind; they pardoned her, and "at home" she remained, scarcely ever going out, always working at some knitting for the village poor.

Click, click—click, click, click! The mechanical fingers are busy. It is dark in the old, low room, but Madame Peletier works on. Her stocking progresses slowly; she requires no lamp to see the stitches; she would not have seen them had there been light; her eyes have a far-off look in them, yet, click, click, click, the needles are ever saying.

The door opened and Jules Detouches came in.

"Hortense!"

The woman looked up.

"Hortense!" and he came nearer to her, hesitating.

"Yes, Jules Detouches," she answered at last very slowly, very quietly.

"Have you forgotten all, Hortense?"

"No; but why do you come to me, why do you not leave me to myself, to my sorrow, to my wretchedness? How can you come and remind me of long ago"—and involuntarily she sighed—"of long—oh, how long!—ago, when Peletier—"

"Hortense, Peletier is no more," and hurrying on, now the first news is broken, Jules Detouches told her the details of Peletier's death; how one night, when leaving some disreputable friends, who had formed a gambling and drinking club in an attic of a Paris Faubourg, he had slipped on the dark stairs, and, falling heavily against the rickety railings, they had given way, and he had crashed down on the stone pavement below; he had lingered a few hours, and died without recovering consciousness.

Hortense listened, and tears fell on her hands, which still knitted mechanically, though she knew it not.

A long silence followed; neither dared to break it.

"Let us pray!" and Hortense knelt and prayed for him who had wrecked her life—prayed to Him Who consoles.

"May I come back, Hortense? May—"

"Don't—my Léon is gone; where is he? I cannot listen to you, Jules, it is

wicked," she continued, interrupting him; "my little darling has taken all my heart, I do not —"

"But if I bring Léon back to you?"

"What is the use of saying that? I know it is impossible."

"Yet if," and he put his hand on her shoulder and bent over her earnestly.

"Then—Léon shall decide," and she sobbed passionately, hopelessly.

Jules Detouches had hope and courage and perseverance; he knew all the details of Léon's disappearance, and—he loved Hortense.

Love! a magic word. Yes, he would try to find the missing boy.

Two years went by; he visited all the travelling booths in the country; he had realised part of his little estate, and sold two or three fields for the necessary expenses; two years of failure, nowhere could he find a trace of the missing child. "They have sold him abroad," he would say; and Hortense seemed lost, yet he persevered.

It was a lovely evening, the huge red sun just about to dip into the fiery waters of the sea, the high road that wound beside the river seemed like a way of blood, the hills in the far distance were blue and crimson, and then, further still, the wonderful brilliancy of the sea; and by the side of the road three or four gipsy wagons were drawn up. A traveller was plodding along towards Dieppe; he was walking slowly, for he was footsore—tired. He caught sight of the little encampment, and stopped to look a moment; a milestone was there, and he rests.

The nomads had lit a fire and over it, from some strong sticks, hung a blackened cauldron; the smoke curled up lazily in the clear air, and the glare of the fire illuminated weirdly the faces of the seven or eight figures grovelling round the pot. A few thin horses and donkeys wandered about, seeking an evening meal, a stray mongrel or two hovered around suspiciously; one, bolder than the others, coming nearer to the fire to sniff the fare, and receiving a cuff and an oath as information.

"Bring some more sticks, you lazy little pig," shouts a gruff female voice, and Jules Detouches sees a little figure start up hurriedly, to obey the command.

"Don't put the fire out, you idiot, I believe you would like the soup to taste of smoke—any case you don't get any, *petit voleur!*"

"I'm not a *voleur!*" answered a shaking voice.

"Don't contradict!"

"But I'm not, madame! You know —"

"Shut up," here put in a man, smacking the little boy on the mouth. The little figure crawled away to hide the tears.

Jules Detouches had seen the little pale face, his heart had given a great leap. Yes, that was Hortense's look; it must be Léon.

"What shall I do? It is impossible to go up to these gipsies and claim Léon, they won't give him up, I cannot prove anything." But he watched till he saw the little fellow creep into the last van, and then, cautiously, Jules Detouches followed; he can hear the conversation round the pot.

"Where is *le petit vaurien?*"

"Oh, he's crept off to sleep; let him be."

"What are we to do with the brat? He is no good to us, Jeannot, you know that. Why, I've tied him up for hours to make him supple, but it is no good, he's as stiff as a stick."

"Stiffer," laughed another fellow, "for you can break a stick, and you can't break the kid."

"Be quiet, you fool," answered the

woman. "Much good to break anything; we can get another stick, but —"

"And another boy too, ha, ha!"

"Yes, but how get rid of this one?"

"Drown him."

"And be hung," said the first man.

"You coward!"

"Lose him," put in the female.

"Well said; or—sell him——"

"Nobody would buy him, he can't do anything."

And then when Jules Detouches came up and made himself out as a journeyman, and offered 50 *balles* (francs) for the kid, the men grinned, and the woman simpered.

"*Qu'est-ce c'est qu'cela?*" they queried afterwards.

"*Sait pas!*" and they did not query any more.

A sunny sky, a bright little farm, green fields and blossom-covered trees, and a little group under the porch.

"Well, Hortense, you do not regret anything now, do you, *chérie?*"

She looked up at him—at her Jules.

"No," and one arm is round the farmer's neck, while the other hand toys with Leon's hair as he kneels beside his mother.

"Léon, a baby brother is coming to you soon," says Jules.

"Oh, when, when?" and Leon, a picture of health and beauty, shouts delightedly.

Madame Detouches blushes.



"HUSH!"

(A SONG OF DUSK)

BY THE BARONESS DE BERTOUCHE



HUSH! when the little children sleep,
And twilight shadows softly sweep
 The dim blue sky.
When list'ning angels droop their wings
Around the mother's heart, who sings
 Sweet Lullaby.

Hush! when a bright transcendent Star
Looks downward from its world afar
 Upon the Night.
Some soul is watching at the gate
To meet its well-beloved mate
 In Heaven's Light.

Hush! when a breath of soft chill air
Steals like slim fingers through thy hair
 And makes thee pale:
Pale as the ghost of *one* dear kiss
Long pass'd, like other dreams of bliss,
 Within the veil.

Hush! when the buds break forth in bloom,
When new-fledged songsters brave the gloom
 And wing above,
To sing their radiant song of Spring
Unto their Father and their King,
 Whose name is Love.



THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND

The Coronation of the Queen of Holland

WRITTEN BY CHARLES TEST DALTON. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

INDOLENCE, thy name is Holland; but from thy apathy has arisen a monument which, as an example of civic decoration will be remembered for years.

All festive cities bear a certain resemblance to each other, but the Amsterdam of the Coronation is unique in this respect, for, with a reasonable sum it has bedecked its staidness with a varying hue which is extremely graceful and pleasing to the eye.

Struggling through a crowd of soldiers with their blue uniforms faced with red

cord, sailors with their broad turn-down collars, fishermen from the provinces with their baggy trousers, vendors shouting "Amerikaanische Kiddelaars" (American ticklers), peacock feathers to worry their stolid neighbours an article, much less offensive than our water buttonhole bouquets, edging gradually until we come to the cavalry guarding the open square in front of the palace we look upon the Dam of Holland.

The arabesque fountain of blue, gold, purple, red and white, standing in the centre of the square, flanked by the pennons of Brabant and Orange waving

proudly in the air, the Nieuwe Kerk and De Beurs on opposite sides, recall the ancient Holland, a maritime power of the world possessing a New Amsterdam far across the water, and brings to memory her rich colonial possessions of the past.

The stolidity of the Dutch is shown in their Malay possessions to-day and in the decoration of their city, which is not confined to the wealthier portion alone but to the poorest as well, for each citizen paid a tax, for one year, to be used for decorative purposes, with the

pendent upon this interesting relic. At the top walk sentinels; and, wonder of wonders, this arch is made of compressed paper. The thousands of flags, bunting, arches and decorated bridges and canals, the happy people and the gay music, show Amsterdam at its best, and the beauty of the city will remain in the memory of man for many years. By night the myriad of lights from the Centraal-Station to the Spui is a dream of Fairyland, the reflections in the canal, the chimes of the bells, and the singing of the Wilhelmus lead one to



ROYAL PALACE AND NEW CHURCH

result that no spot in Amsterdam has been left bare.

The most beautiful arch was that which contained the transparency of the Queen at the entrance of the Markens Gracht, a bower of flowers on each side, from whence issued a fountain; above the centre of the arch is a picture of the Queen, and, surmounting all, a magnificent crown. Not far from this in the Nieuwe Heeren Gracht, is a triumphal arch representing an old gate of the city which formerly stood on this site. No expense was lacking to make it a perfect structure, for 10,000 guilders was ex-

forget the Dutch are a quiet race. Mingling with the crowd you do not feel lost, for they have a pleasant way of receiving native or foreigner as a friend as long as he behaves himself. There is an unwritten law that anyone may kiss any maiden he desires unless she escapes; so this was no place for the jealous lover, for if he chose to promenade upon a festival night his patience was sorely tried. The narrow streets were crowded to their utmost, the music and dance halls were filled, but no sign of ruffianism, no drunken brawls, quarrels, or fights; they sing and dance,

every old woman, girl or child sings and dances.

On the 31st of August began a new era for the Dutch, it was the eighteenth birthday of Queen Wilhelmina, a day which marks an event in the life of every maiden, a day, which, in this case, caused rejoicing over the length and breadth of Holland, and was echoed to lands beyond the sea.

To all the world was given the proclamation of the Queen to her people, who justly esteem their youthful sovereign.

This proclamation stands as an emblem of the reign to follow.

"On this day, so important for you and for me, I desire, before all else, to say a word of warm gratitude. From my tenderest years you have surrounded me with your love. From all parts of the Kingdom, from all classes of society, from young and from old, I have always received strong proofs of attachment.

"After the death of my venerated father, all your attachment to the dynasty was transferred to me. On this day I am ready to accept the magnificent but weighty task to which I am called. I feel myself supported by your fidelity. Receive my thanks. My experience has hitherto left ineffaceable impressions, and is a token of the future.

"My dearly-loved mother, to whom I am immensely indebted, has set me an example, and given a noble and elevated conception of the duties which henceforth devolve upon me.

"The aim of my life will be to follow her example and to govern in the manner expected of a Princess of the House of Orange. True to the constitution, I desire to strengthen the respect for the name and flag of the Netherlands.

"As Sovereign of possessions and colonies in the east and west, I desire to observe justice, and to contribute, so far as in me lies, to increasing the intellectual and material welfare of my whole people. I hope and expect that the support of all, in whatever sphere of official or social activity you may be placed, within the Kingdom or without, will never be wanting.

"Trusting in God, and with the

prayer that He will give me strength, I accept the Government. — WILHELMINA."

Five days after this proclamation, the Queen and the Queen-mother made their state entry into Amsterdam. The patient crowd waited for hours in the Dam, while the sun beat down unmercifully upon the heads of all. Suddenly a shout went up, and the hussars, the cavalry, the colonial reserve, the mariners, the infantry, the grenadiers, the sultan of Siak with several oriental nobles, the master of ceremonies and the Queen-mother and Queen entered the Dam.

The ivory panels of the royal equipage gleamed in the sun as the carriage moved by. The white satin cushions were relieved by touches of red, and the springs were covered with morocco. Canova's Three Graces supported the seat, and the arms of Orange dignified the sides. This beautiful equipage, drawn by eight black horses, led by lackeys and controlled by postillions in gold uniform, was a present from the Queen-mother.

The Queen alighted at the palace, and, passing underneath the crimson canopy, disappeared within. Soon she reappeared to all. From the fourth window on the balcony the Queen stepped forth to wave her handkerchief to the thousands of people before her. The mother of the Queen stood beside her, and it must have been a pleasure to her to hear the ovation given to the daughter, whom she had reared so carefully to become a Queen in name and deed.

The Dutch worship their Queen, the last of the race of Orange. Their hearts and hopes have been with her for years, and on this day seemed to burst forth in one huge shout, that swelled in volume and told of a nation the story of their love for their sovereign.

On the morning of September 6th, at 11 o'clock, occurred the most impressive ceremony of the *fêtes*—it was the coronation of the Queen in the Nieuwe Kerk. As the chimes rang out the hour the Queen left the palace, and walked upon the carpet to the church. With a quiet dignity becoming her admirably, she slowly traversed this short distance,

while four pages bore her train. The Royal mantle was of a deep red velvet, with two rampant lions embroidered in gold; the mantle was lined with ermine, and the attached cape was also of ermine. She followed the custom of all coronations and wore a dress of pure white satin faced with pearls. Across

Majesty entered the church, the coronation window, a work of art, was unveiled, letting in the sun.

No monarch attended this ceremony, but the Prince von Wied, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Wiemar, and several Indian princes in their picturesque costume added to the beauty of this scene.



WHERE THE QUEEN WAS CROWNED

her breast was the Order of Orange-Nassau, fastened with the diamond clasp. Diamonds glittered from her hair and hung negligently about her; not a lavish display of tawdriness, but that of queenly splendour. As her

The Queen took her place beside her mother, and in a slow, distinct tone read her address to the States-General:—

“At the close of the life of my never-to-be-forgotten father, being called to

the throne, I ascended it under the wise and beneficent regency of my mother. On the completion of my eighteenth year I have assumed the government. My proclamation has announced this fact to my dear people. The hour has now come when I bind myself in the midst of my faithful Parliament, and invoking God's holy Name, dedicate myself to the Dutch people, and vow to maintain their dearest rights and freedom. Therefore, I to-day consolidate the close bonds that exist between me and my people, and the ancient pact between the Netherlands and the House of Orange is to be resealed. High is my vocation, and beautiful the task that God has laid upon my shoulders. I am happy and thankful to reign over the people of the Netherlands, who, though few in numbers, are great in virtues, and strong by nature and character. I esteem it a privilege that it is my life's task and duty to dedicate all my powers to the prosperity and interests of my dear fatherland. I adopt the words of my beloved father: 'The House of Orange can never do enough for the Netherlands.' In fulfilling my task, I need your help and co-operation.

"Gentlemen, members of the Parliament, I am fully convinced that you will afford me your help. Let us work together on behalf of the happiness and prosperity of the Dutch people. Let

that be our goal! May God bless our work, and may it conduce to the welfare of our fatherland!"

The Queen then raised her right hand and took the Dutch oath of faith to the Constitution:—

"I swear to the Dutch people that I will guard and ever maintain the Constitution; I swear that I will defend and preserve with all my strength the independence and the territory of the Empire; that I will protect the liberties, general and individual, and the rights of all my subjects, and that, to maintain and augment their prosperity, I will apply all the means and the laws placed at my disposal, as a good king should do. May God, the All-powerful, aid me."

The Queen remained standing as the President and the two houses of Parliament stepped before the throne, and made their declaration of acceptance:—

"We receive and inaugurate you in the name of the Dutch people, and by virtue of the Constitution, as King. We swear to maintain your inviolability and the rights of your Crown; we swear to do all that good and faithful States-general should do. May God, the All-powerful, aid us! We swear it!"

Each member answered to his name, then the King-of-Arms raised his sceptre, as he said:—

"Her Majesty the Queen Wilhelmina



HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

is solemnly inaugurated," and finally he repeated in a monotone three times, "Long live the Queen," and the ceremony of inauguration was a thing of the past, and a new Queen reigned over Holland.

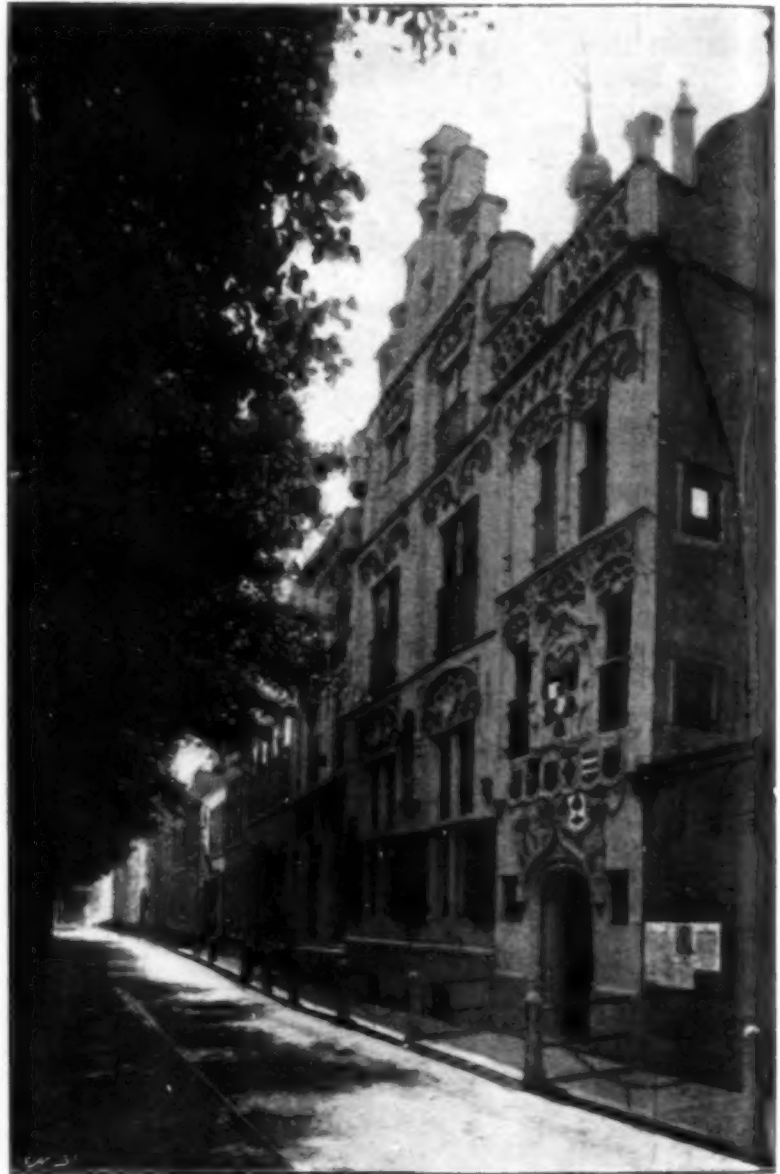
The remainder of the fêtes were ordinary. The release of six thousand pigeons as a peace message to the world, the historical pageant of the conquests of Holland in bygone days were all they represented, no more, and as to the display of fireworks, the Dutch love of saving was exemplified.

The opening of the Rembrandt loan collection in the "Stedelijk Museum" by the Queen was an event in the world of art, for this was the most wonderful collection of the paintings of Rembrandt which has ever been brought together.

The Queen of England sent two of her wonderful pictures from Buckingham Palace, the famous "Lady with a Fan," and "Rembrandt with his Wife at her Toilet - table." From Grosvenor House comes "The meeting of Maria and Elizabeth," and four others. The Duke of Buccleuch sent two from Montagu House. The Duke of Devonshire sends two, one from Devonshire House, and the other, from Chatsworth, is the well-known "Rabbi with the White Turban." Mr. Cartwright contributes "Peacocks," the Duke of Portland, Earl Spencer, the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Crawford, Lord Wantage, the Earl of Northbrook, and Captain Halford have all sent paintings.

Of continental works may be men-

tioned those of the Emperor of Germany, the King of Roumania, the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, and the wonderful sketches of M. Léon Bonnat from France. The collection is undoubtedly a wonderful selection of masterpieces, if we may so speak, concerning the



THE OLD HALL IN WHICH THE FIRST PARLIAMENT OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC MET

versatility of Holland's greatest artist. Compare "Peacocks," "The Figure on Horseback," and "Lady with a Fan" they are all different, and each, though by the same artist, is a masterpiece.

In the evening the Queen attended the performance of "Orange in the



THE MARAHPOORT, LEYDEN

Netherlands," a dramatic piece first presented in 1849 to William III. As a poem of patriotism it is of secondary rate, as a dramatic piece it is worthless, it contains too much of the old German monologue philosophy, similar to "Nathan the Wise."

The following day the Queen arrived in the peaceful Hague, a relief from the commercial Amsterdam.

It is needless to describe the beautiful decorations of the aristocratic Hague, and of the miles of fishing-nets hung from Scheveningen to the capital.

Of all the buildings in the Hague the most interesting is the building just outside the Binnenhof, which stands like a sentinel, and guards within its walls a wonderful choice collection of three hundred paintings of the Dutch school.

Within this gallery is the picture of the "Bull" by Paul Potter, which painting alone is a treasure; of Rembrandt we have his celebrated "Lesson in Anatomy," which is a study in facial expression, also his "Presentation in the Temple," "Susanna," and the head of a soldier called "The Officer."

Several of Van Dyck's best pictures are in the Hague gallery, and the great Rubens has left portraits of his first and second wives, thus showing no favouritism, but not deigning to answer the much mooted question of whether he married twice because he was unhappy with his first wife and wished to experiment with fate upon a second, or whether he was so happy in domestic felicity that no other state of life was agreeable to him; but this has little to do with the paintings. Among other artists represented in this gallery may be mentioned Jan Steen, Gerard Dow, Holbein, and Murillo, besides several Italian masters.

The history of Holland would never have been written by John Lathrop Motley, nor would a Queen have been crowned this year had Leyden surrendered to the Spaniards in 1574; and as you walk through the quiet streets and along the canals shaded with poplars and lime trees it is difficult to imagine this peaceful Leyden as the city upon which hung the fate of a nation.

On the 30th of April, 1574, Gregory

XIII. issued a Bull granting pardon to all sinners though they had sinned more than seven times seven, and of all of the sinners in Holland, two only, one a brewer, the other a pedlar, deemed themselves sufficiently wicked to seek forgiveness and take advantage of this papal amnesty.

The inhabitants of Leyden, though surrounded by the enemy, had sufficient confidence in William the Silent to spurn this offer of pardon.

Within the sieged city each man received as his share of food half a pound of meat and half a pound of bread a day.

The Prince told them to hold out for three months and he would relieve them. They promised, and at the expiration of the time they sent a despatch stating "that they had now fulfilled their original promise, for they had held out two months with food, and another month without food. If not soon assisted, human strength could do no more; their malt cake would last but four days, and after that was gone there was nothing left but starvation."

The dykes along the Meuse and Yssel, and the sluices at Rotterdam, Schiedam, and Delftshaven were held by William, so he cut the dykes and let in the ocean at the sacrifice of fertile land. "Better a drowned than a lost land," exclaimed a patriot.

For eight long weeks after the rupture of the first dyke the people of Leyden waited and starved, as the brave Zealanders availed themselves of the slight winds, which raised the water under the boats and brought them nearer to the

besieged city. Food was gone, even horseflesh, and dogs, cats, rats, and decayed filth of every description were devoured eagerly; infants starved to death, and to the famine was added that terrible scourge, the plague.

At last, on the 3rd of October, the siege was raised, and Leyden was saved.

The next step, which changed the course of Dutch history, took place at Delft, the "Parent of Pottery." The States-General assembled in the year 1575 in the *Gameentelandshuis*, the cradle of liberty, and resolved "that they would forsake the king (Phillip II.) and seek foreign assistance."

The last and saddest event connected with Spanish intrigue and treachery was the death of William the Silent in the Palace at Delft, which scene is so vividly described in "The Rise of the Dutch Republic."

The Prince came from the dining-room, and began leisurely to ascend. He had only reached the second stair, when a man emerged from the sunken arch, and, standing within a foot or two of him discharged a pistol full at his heart. Three balls entered his body, one of which, passing quite through him, struck with violence against the wall beyond. The Prince exclaimed in French as he felt the wound, 'O my God, have mercy upon my soul! O my God, have mercy upon this poor people!'

So perished William the Silent, but his memory still lives, for Wilhelmina, Queen of Holland, is the last of the race of Orange.

